EXTRA 20-PAGE MOTOR SUPPLEMENT

Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

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Photo by *Downey*

Miss Olive May

One of the prettiest petals of "The Orchid," at the Gaiety Theatre

No. 62.—Vol. V.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

"The Bell in the Fog," and Other Stories. By Gertrude Atherton. (Macmillan: 6s.)
"His Island Princess." By W. Clark Russell. (Methuen: 6s.)
"The Fate of Felix." By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. (John Long: 6s.)
"Little Wife Hester." By L. T. Meade. (John Long: 6s.)
"The Gate of the Desert." By John Oxenham. (Methuen: 6s.)
"Before the Crisis." By F. B. Mott. (John Lane: 6s.)
"Trooper Peter Halket." By Olive Schreiner. New Edition. (Fisher Unwin: 1s.)
"A Foe in the Family." By Nowell Cay. (Digby Long: 6s.)

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Gladstone Colony." By J. F. Hogan, M.P. (Fisher Unwin: 3s. 6d.)
"The Irish Song Book." By Alfred Perceval Graves, with music. (Fisher Unwin: 2s. net.)
"Thomas Moore." By Stephen Gwynn. English Men of Letters Series. (Macmillan: 2s.)
"Sydney Smith." By G. W. E. Russell. English Men of Letters Series. (Macmillan: 2s.)
"Sicily, the New Winter Resort." By Douglas Sladen. (Methuen: 5s. net.)
"Don Quixote." In One Volume. Large Type. India Paper. (Nelson's New Century Library; 2s. 6d. net.)
"Motors and Motoring." By Professor Spooner. (Jack's Scientific Series: 1s. net.)
"Balloons, Airships, and Flying Machines." By Gertrude Bacon. (Jack's Scientific Series: 1s. net.)
"Radium Explained." By Dr. Hampson. (Jack's Scientific Series: 1s. net.)
"The Double Rose." An Historical Play, in Five Acts. By J. Wimsett Boulding. (Jarrold: 1s. 6d.)
"Practical Poker." By R. F. Foster. (De La Rue: 5s. net.)

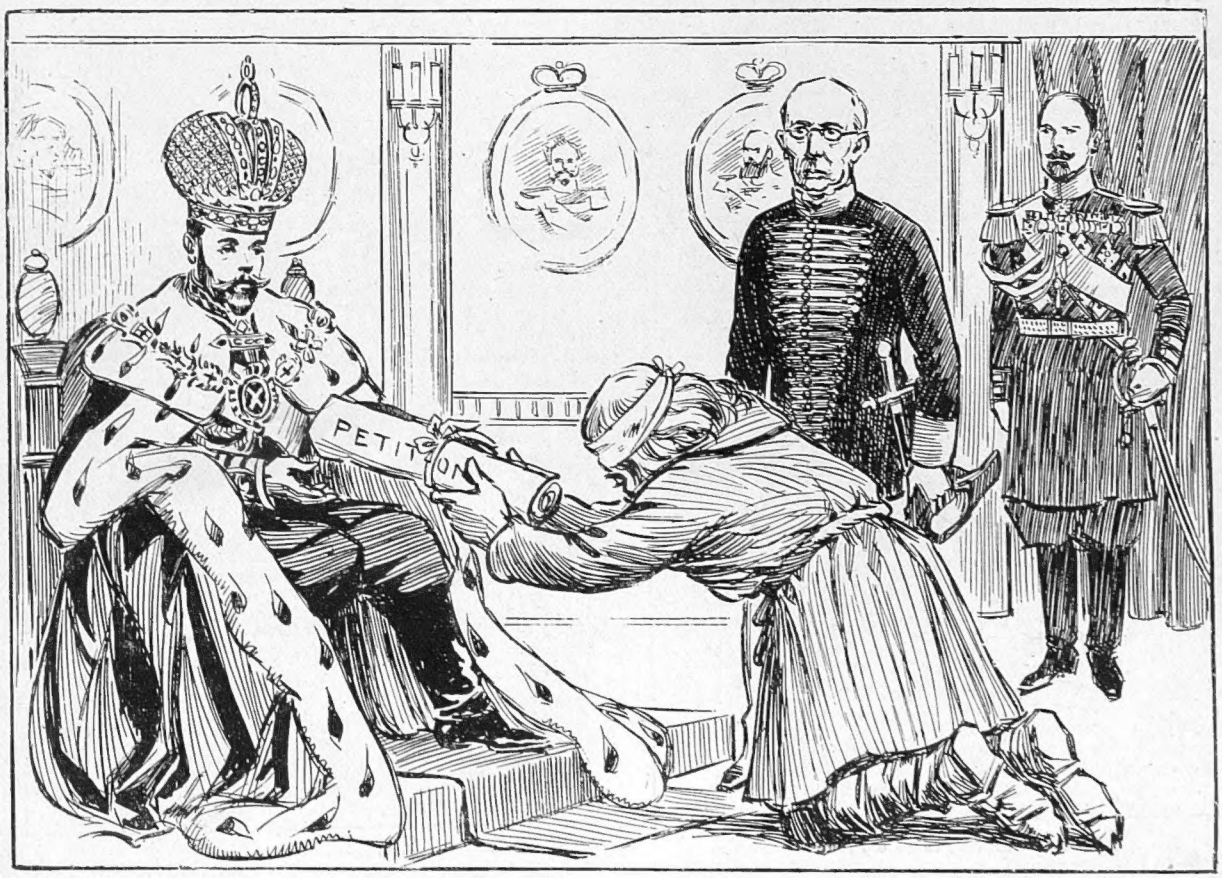
THE WORLD'S PAGEANT.

London: Wednesday, February 8, 1905

The gentlemen who are doing the advance advertising of the Torrey-Alexander "Mission" seem to be rather hurt at the strictures which a few journals, including THE BYSTANDER, have seen fit to pass upon their revivalist campaign. They say that neither Dr. Torrey nor Mr. Alexander are receiving more than their expenses in return for their services in converting London. They also explain that their extensive and carefully calculated advertising is needed to attract Londoners. But do these gentlemen seriously imagine for a moment that sensible and, we may add, sceptical Londoners are going to believe that Messrs. Torrey and Alexander are solely inspired by disinterested affection for the souls of Londoners? And do they imagine that they can work up a religious revival—which is nothing if not spontaneous—by means of prodigious advertisements, a lot of blatant talk about the personalities of the principals, and other paraphernalia in the shape of their "Glory" song?

* * *

The impudence of the whole scheme of these travelling revival-mongers makes it almost amusing. We say "almost" because there is a serious side to this Torrey-Alexander "Mission" which prevents one looking at it lightly. Just now, when a genuine revivalism is taking place in Wales, and may have some effect elsewhere, these Americans see a chance,



ON SECOND THOUGHT

Sir H. C.-B. "Gin ye watch me, laddie, ye'll soon learn"

(Asked at a Liberal meeting at Montrose, why he did not play golf, Mr. John Morley replied, "I don't think I'm old enough to begin yet")

Gold from sea water

(According to ancient mythology, it was Aphrodite who rose from the waves. Modern science changes the Goddess into a God and raises—PLUTO)

we take it, of making something for themselves out of it. They protest that they are not going to make anything. Well, we should like to wager that they will take away more money from London than they ever bring here. But if, as one paper remarked, Messrs. Torrey and Alexander are so anxious to save souls, why do they not labour in their own country, the United States? There is plenty of work for them there. Judging from American Press comments, Messrs. Torrey and Alexander are not exactly run after in America, which probably explains why we are to be exploited.

* * *

There is really some excuse for our irritation at the continued invasion of these shores by itinerant American missionaries. We have not forgotten Dr. Dowie yet, and the Camberwell "Pentecostal" Dancers are still fresh in our minds; emissaries from the Mormons are at this moment attempting to proselytise, though, thank Heaven, with little success. And English people, who are keen theologians, who know what the Higher criticism of the Bible is, are now to be harangued by Dr. Torrey, who, in spite of his American D.D., must be a man of supine ignorance, or he could not be such a bigot as his utterances have shown him to be—for bigotry is only a synonym for ignorance. There is, however, consolation in the thought that his

A new reading to an old joke

"Give us the core, Billy"

"All right—when I come to it"

The apple of the future will, it appears, be seedless. *(See page 289)*

Vanishing Institutions

Nothing is sacred in these progressive days. Mr. Tree's idea of booking the pit and gallery will do away with that fine old institution—the lady waiter. No longer will she be able to show her admiration for Mr. George Alexander by turning up with campstool and knitting at 7 a.m.

ignorance will undo him, for freak religions are not popular in England, and especially in London, so that after the crowds, who are drawn by curiosity, at first, have melted away, he will, we venture to think, find his own native shores provide a happier hunting ground for "converts"! Similar visitors of the Dr. Torrey type found it so, and we see no reason to doubt that the common-sense of Englishmen will again come to the fore. Quacks are bad enough at the best of times; American quacks are worse, but an American, religious quack demands an emphatic superlative.

* * *

Motoring has become so prominent a feature in our lives, that we feel sure our readers will be interested in the Motor Supplement included in this issue, especially since it is not published at the expense of any of our regular features. We have always made it our business to be in the forefront with our motoring notes, because we believe that in the very near future, cars will be made, if not for the million, at least for the thousand, and the public, already taking an intelligent interest in motoring, wish to know still more about them. We can recommend them with confidence to peruse our anticipatory notes of the great Olympia Show, which have been gathered with great care, and with some difficulty. Still, we believe that no new feature has been overlooked.

* * *

We are very glad to find that a great deal of attention has been given to our article on young George Edalj, now undergoing seven years' penal servitude for the alleged maiming of a pony. A number of people have written to us on the subject, agreeing with the conclusions we drew that Edalji was wrongly convicted, and our remarks have so far borne fruit that a crowded public meeting was held last Monday at Essex Hall, Strand, when a resolution was unanimously agreed to that there should be a revision of the case. The Edalji case and the Beck case prove the acute need for a Court of Criminal Appeal, and it is to be hoped that electors will demand pledges from their members on this subject when next their votes are sought. In fact, the state of criminal law administration generally calls for attention. More police-courts and more magistrates are needed. The anomaly of gentlemen untrained in the law being able to sit on the Bench and decide whether a prisoner should be convicted or not, should be swept away. The cry is for experts in every walk of life, and surely if anything requiries an expert, the intricacies of criminal procedure require one

* * *

We must confess to a reluctant scepticism with regard to the "Magna Charta" which, it is said, has been granted by the Tsar to the Russian people. The story was, at least, circumstantial, and not a little dramatic; but correspondents in these days are expected to have the ability to write drama if they cannot obtain facts. It is certainly a fact that Nicholas received a deputation of workmen—who were carefully gathered by the police—and, after scolding them, it is quite possible he intends of his graciousness to instigate reforms of a kind. But the ideas of reform, as held by the Tsar, are not exactly on a par with those demanded by the people. How can an autocrat be expected to see eye to eye with downtrodden subjects? The only real reforms which will ever be granted, will, some time or another, have to be won by force.

Photo by *E. J. Clark*

A flashlight photograph of Mr. Chamberlain's great Protectionist meeting at Gainsborough

Save that Mr. Chamberlain chose another audience to hear his Fiscal proposals, this meeting was very similar to those held in various other parts of the country, and the "Colonial Offer," and all the rest of the Protectionist arguments, were trotted out in their accustomed order. One contentious statement made was this: "It is absolutely untrue that under any policy which I have proposed your food will cost you more"

AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE

"KING HENRY THE FIFTH"

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

The claims of *Much Ado About Nothing* precluded me from referring last week to the less pretentious yet excellent revival of *King Henry V.*, by Mr. Lewis Waller, at the Imperial Theatre. The joys of Jingoism have never been sung with greater effect since the master playwright, who could write all plays for all time, pulled out the popular stop, and put King Harry of England upon the stage. As a thorough-faced Englishman, King Harry has no dramatic equal. The spirit which gives him being is that spirit which was at one time inculcated into little John Bulls, and found expression in the maxim that every Englishman could lick three Frenchmen. Those who find the present period of political history unfavourable to the expression of these views should take refuge at the Imperial Theatre. Debarred themselves from acting Imperially, they can find relief in the spectacle of Mr. Lewis Waller so acting. Mr. Waller's King Harry is such an ideal impersonation, that even a little Englander must be moved by it. The charm and grace of this Harry of England is not to be gainsaid. And not alone for the frank, fearless, and picturesque figure he cuts, but because the actor succeeds in imparting to the rôle that touch of religious fervour which lifts it above the blatant hero of historical melodrama. When the clash of arms is forgotten, and the tableaux of bowmen and pikemen have faded from the mind, there remains pictured in the memory the solitary figure of King Henry kneeling, on the eve of battle, in fervent prayer for victory.

Mr. Frank Dyall
(The Dauphin)

It is an admirable all-round cast at the Imperial Theatre. Some of the players could not be replaced, while all are excellent. The ingenious playgoer who indulges on occasions in the recreation of recasting, in his own mind, a play to which full justice is not done, might think and think, and find no

Mr. William Mollison
(Pistol)

Mr. A. E. George
(Fluellen)

Mr. Cecil McGuinness
(MacMorris)

substitute for Mr. William Mollison, whose Pistol is a source of infinite joy to the beholder. Shakespearean low comedy—as many an actor must have discovered—is not at all easy to portray. Shakespeare's funny men do not, to use an actor's phrase, "play themselves." Without a sound knowledge of traditional "business," and a well-developed sense of humour, a player cast for one of these can make little of it. Without any disrespect to Shakespeare, I would timidly advance a comparison between his method of sketching some of his comedy characters and that adopted by the modern librettist—he gave great opportunities, almost license, for the comedian to fill in the rôle with his own business. Mr. Mollison, with his great experience and his fund of humour, makes Pistol an unctuous and most amusing scoundrel.

Mr. Norman McKinnel is building for himself a reputation for playing rugged characters. Let a character be a rough, powerful, and rather uncouth personality, and Mr. McKinnel will do it the fullest justice. He endows the soldier, Williams, with all these attributes, the result being a part which stands out in bold outline from the background afforded by King Henry's resolute little band of fighting men. A last word must be reserved for Bardolph. Like Mr. Tree, Mr. Waller is fortunate in possessing the services of a Calvert in the production. E. C. S.

Mr. Lewis Waller as King Henry V.

Where Shall We Go To-night?

THE BYSTANDER THEATRE GUIDE

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE: *Much Ado about Nothing.*—Magnificent, and not to be missed, but no new acting reputations made.

IMPERIAL THEATRE: *King Henry V.*—See previous page.

ADELPHI THEATRE: *The Taming of the Shrew.*—The most amusing play in London, and quite Shakespearean in treatment.

Miss Sarah Brooke
(Katherine)

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE: *A Maker of Men*, 8.30, by Alfred Sutro; *Lady Windermere's Fan*, 9.—First piece preachy, but clever; get there in time for it. Second piece as sparkling as though opened yesterday.

HAYMARKET THEATRE: *That Brute Simmons*, 8.20; *Beauty and the Barge*, 9.—Another first piece not to be missed. Second, a continuous two hours' chuckle.

CRITERION THEATRE: *Freedom of Suzanne*, 9.—Play slight, but charged with bubbling merriment of the incomparable Marie Tempest.

NEW THEATRE: *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, 8.15.—Picturesque melodrama. Thrills for the unsophisticated.

GARRICK THEATRE: *Walls of Jericho*, 8.30.—Smart Set successfully satirised. They love it. Matinées, 2.30: *Little Black Sambo and Little White Barbara.*—Be unselfish and take the kiddies.

TERRY'S THEATRE, 8.30: *Mrs. Dering's Divorce.*—Mrs. Langtry and Leonard Boyne in a piece intermittently amusing.

DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE, 2.30 and 8.30: *Peter Pan.*—The whimsical Barrie at his best, catering for children.

APOLLO THEATRE, 8.15: *Veronique.*—The most charming comic opera for many moons. Tops other musical productions of the moment by miles.

GREAT QUEEN STREET THEATRE.—German Company, a lesson to many English companies.

STRAND THEATRE, 8: *Sergeant Brue.*—A musical comedy.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, 8.15: *Catch of the Season.*—A winner from the word "go," otherwise Seymour Hicks.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE, 8.15: *Lady Madcap.*—Huntley in the piece. Lucky for the piece.

LYRIC THEATRE, 8.15: *The Talk of the Town.*—A musical comedy by Seymour Hicks. The dresses must have cost a pretty penny.

The New Divorce Court Judge

A great capacity for work, and an experience ranging over many years, are among the qualifications possessed by Mr. Bargrave Deane, K.C., the erstwhile leader of the Divorce Court, for his new position on the Bench. In no derogatory spirit, it was occasionally remarked of the retiring President that, if his judgments could be said to incline in any direction, they inclined towards masculine members who appeared before him. In other words, Sir Francis Jeune was a little hard sometimes upon the fair sex. It remains to be seen whether the new judge will adjust this shade of difference. Mr. Justice Deane has an imperturbable manner which he will find of great assistance to him on the Bench. One of his most characteristic mannerisms as counsel, when dealing with witnesses was to pause for a few weighty seconds before putting a "p ser," while he gazed fixedly upon witness. He was a bit of an autocrat as leader of the Court, and upheld his position with fine dignity. He has, too, his share of that species of wit which tends to enliven proceedings during a dull case. As has been stated, he has had a vast experience, having been called to the Bar no less than thirty-five years ago.

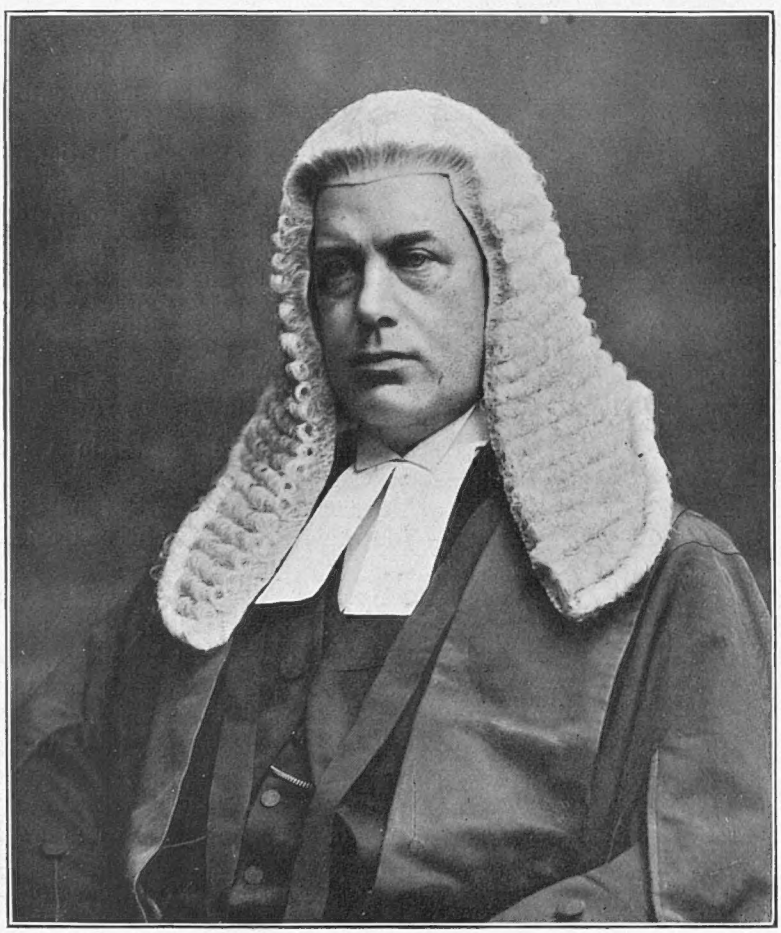


Photo by *Vandyk*

Mr. Bargrave Deane, K.C.

Who has just been raised to the Bench to fill the vacancy made by the appointment of Mr. Justice Barnes as President of the Divorce Court, in place of Sir Francis Jeune, retired

Prince Louis of Battenberg

As everyone, who know anything at all about Naval matters, prophesied, Admiral Sir John Fisher's appointment to Whitehall wrought a great change in the state of stagnation and solemn idleness which seems to be the general atmosphere of the Government offices. Among the various appointments which this vigorous Sea Lord has made, is that of Prince Louis of Battenberg to the command of the Second Cruiser Squadron. Last Wednesday, Prince Louis, who has just returned from Germany, hoisted his flag at Portsmouth on the *Colossus*, though it was subsequently removed to the *Drake*, to which ship the King will shortly pay a visit. The Prince, who will hold his command for two years, is a great favourite in the Navy, and his present command has been entirely won by the untiring energy he has devoted to his duties ever since he first entered the Navy in 1868. He is in no way a figure-head, who leaves all the work to be done by subordinates. The public is continually bewailing the incompetence of the War Office in its military dealings, but there need be no

The Prince of Wales in Ireland

fear about the able administration of our Navy when there are men in its service like Sir John Fisher and his able helpers, among whom Prince Louis of Battenberg is certainly not the least efficient.

Princess Victoria's Illness

The illness of a member of the Royal family is an event which never fails to arouse the deepest sympathy, and during the trying time which the Princess Victoria has just passed through, on account of her operation for appendicitis, the crowd showed their sympathy in the usual manner by assembling outside Buckingham Palace, and waiting eagerly for the daily bulletins to be posted on the railings. Although the necessity for an operation was not made known, even members of the family being kept quite in ignorance, Sir Francis Laking and Sir Frederick Treves had made the fact known to the Royal patient some weeks back, who has ever since faced the prospect with great courage. The beneficial results of Princess Victoria's great love of outdoor sports must have stood her in great stead during her illness, for as a cyclist the Princess is known for many miles around Sandringham, while she is an expert at golf. Commencing with the King's fateful operation, which resulted in the Coronation being postponed, this is the third operation for appendicitis performed upon members of the Royal Family in the past two or three years, the other Royal patient being Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein.

Photo by *Downey*

H.R.H. Princess Victoria

Now, happily, on the road to recovery after her recent operation for appendicitis

The Prince of Wales in Ireland

The visit of the Prince of Wales to Lord and Lady Ardilaun in Ireland has been an unqualified success, and His Royal Highness thoroughly enjoyed himself. Lord Ardilaun, the elder brother of Lord Iveagh, and

Photo by *Lafayette*

The Prince of Wales in Ireland. After the Levée at Dublin Castle

Left to Right: Col. Sir A. Bigge (Equerry to the Prince of Wales), Major the Hon. M. A. O'Brien, A.D.C., Mr. Victor Corkran (Comptroller), Capt. Walter Lindsay (Vice Chamberlain), Major Lambart (Chamberlain), Mr. Walter Callan (Asst. Private Secretary), Col. R. J. Cooper (Private Secretary), Lord Hastings, Lord Lurgan (State Steward), Mr. Paget, Major Deare, H.R.H. Prince of Wales, Lord Hyde, Hon. Cyril Ward, His Excellency Lord Dudley, Hon. G. Ward, Mr. George Wyndham (Chief Secretary), Capt. Brinton, Col. Heseltine, Sir John Olphert (Gentleman Usher), Hon. Fredk. Lawless (Gentleman in Waiting), Sir Arthur Vicars (Ulster K. A.), Lord Cole, Mr. Ernest R. Frere (Financial Secretary), Viscount Castlerosse (Master of the Horse), Sir Bryan Leighton

Royal Commander of a Cruiser Squadron

Prince Louis of Battenberg

The new Commander of the Second Cruiser Squadron, who accompanies the King on his forthcoming cruise to the Mediterranean

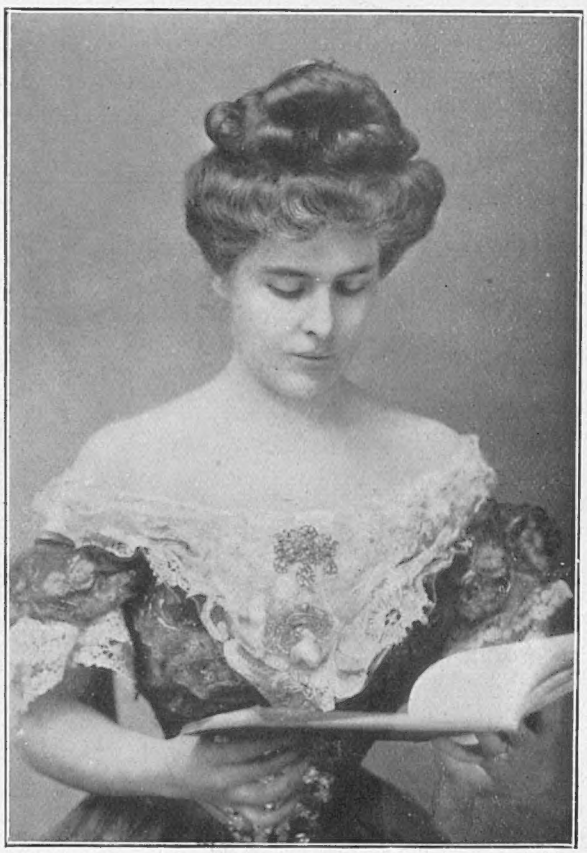
the head of the great firm of Guinness, is a resident Irish landlord, and has a great belief in the future of his country. The Prince enjoyed some very good shooting over the Ashford estates, and the party invited to meet him included mostly Irish gentlemen, among which were Lord Bandon, Lord Rathmore, the Hon. R. Dillon, and Mr. Percy La Touche. The Prince is this week in residence at Dublin Castle, and several big functions will take place, including a Drawing Room on Thursday and the investiture of Lord Mayo as a Knight of St. Patrick.

A Marriage of International Interest

A marriage of international interest is that of Prince Albert Ghica, the claimant to the ancient throne of Albania, and Miss Dowling, a charming Irishwoman, well known in Dublin society and in Paris, where she has many friends among the old French nobility. Should Prince Albert ever become a reigning Sovereign—and in the Balkan States they change kings frequently—a subject of Edward VII. will take her place among the Queens of Europe. Prince Ghica is, of course, related to the powerful Hungarian family whose hospitable house in Budapest is so often opened to English travellers. He himself has always been particularly fond of our country, though as yet he cannot talk English well. Fortunately, his future Princess is an admirable linguist, and already knows her *fiance's* native language. The marriage was to have taken place, in London, just before Christmas, but at the last moment it was found that certain important formalities in connection with the civil ceremony had not been complied with. Hence the delay which has occurred.

Prince Albert Ghica

The claimant to the ancient throne of Albania, who is shortly to be married to Miss Dowling



Miss Dowling

The Prince's *fiancée* is a charming Irishwoman, well known in Dublin and Paris society

A ROYAL BETROTHAL

Making the Most of a Few Days' Skating

Dr. G. Cunningham, President of the National Skating Association, and an expert figure skater

The Skating Season

The case against the average English skating season was rather aptly put by a Canadian the other day: "One day's frost so severe that people take out their skates, followed by a thaw so thorough that they promptly put them back again." This year the sport has been able, if not to flourish, at least to assert itself for several days at a time. The people have made the most of their scanty opportunities. The Littleport Skating Club were able to get to work on Saturday, January 21, two days before the ice was in fit condition at Lingay Fen. Some fine racing was seen in the contest for the Littleport Challenge Cup, value fifty guineas, and open to the world. Instituted in 1892, this was the ninth occasion on which the Cup was contested. The best racing was seen in the finals, when G. T. Ward beat Fred Ward, the holder of the Cup, and Strickson just got ahead of Housden in the last stretch. On the following Monday, the Professional Championship was competed for on Lingay Fen, when Fred Ward regained the belt he had previously won in 1900.

G. T. Ward

Winner of the Littleport Skating Challenge Cup. Distance, one mile and a half, with five turns. Time, 5 min. 4 sec.

Photo by Lafayette

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor

The wife of the well-known journalist, who has just returned to England

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, who has just returned from Switzerland, is one of the cleverest and most interesting women that the New Continent has given to the Old. Mrs. O'Connor is very musical, and composed, or rather adapted, a very charming negro ditty, which she sometimes sings for the benefit of her friends. She is as popular as she is clever, and has numbers of friends on both sides of the Atlantic. Mrs. O'Connor, as a firm believer in plenty of work for her sex, does not think that a woman's brain is improved by lack of occupation; she has already turned her hand with some success to the difficult art of playmaking.

Lady Wimborne is Busy with her New Bookshop

Photo by *Advance Agency*

Lord and Lady Wimborne

Leaving the new bookshop in Dover Street which Lady Wimborne has just opened

Religious Works for Mayfair

A great deal of fuss is being made over the new bookshop opened by Lady Wimborne, who has been called "the latest recruit to the ranks of titled shopkeepers." As a matter of fact, this is not true, since Lady Wimborne will neither appear in the shop nor benefit by any success which the concern may gain. The origin of the shop lies in a desire among a committee of influential people to introduce to the inhabitants of Mayfair religious works and books of a devotional character. Lady Wimborne, who is the founder of the Ladies' League, a religious organisation to which many well-known members of Society belong, suggested the opening of a shop, and has had charge of the preliminary arrangements. The shop is called "The Church of England Book Store," and though general literature is to be sold, the religious side of the book trade will receive most attention. The shop is situated in Dover Street, Mayfair, and while most people will be in sympathy with any real attempt to spread abroad serious literature, there is no doubt as to which literature—light or serious—will sell best. For it still remains a fact that you cannot (even though in the most influential circumstances) force people to buy that which they have no inclination toward.

A Well-known Political Hostess

Lady Lansdowne, who is giving a reception next Monday (February 13), on the eve of the opening of Parliament, has, for many years, been one of our recognised social leaders. "A woman of presence," as old-fashioned people would call her, with stately, yet kindly manners, she is the ideal hostess for a large gathering. She has never confined her invitations to one particular political faction, and in consequence her parties are noted for their brilliance. Some of the most successful were given in the Coronation year, and another notable banquet took place when President Loubet and the French Ministers were in England. Lady Lansdowne is one of the seven beautiful daughters of the venerable Duchess of Abercorn, immortalised by Lord Beaconsfield in "Lothair," and her marriage, which took place in Westminster Abbey on the same day as that of her sister, Lady Blandford, was a magnificent function. Never a sportswoman, Lady Lansdowne's tastes are essentially cultured; she is very well-read, and takes a keen interest in current events.

Photo by *Langfier*

Lady Lansdowne

Who will give a political dinner next Monday before the opening of Parliament

The "Veronique" Mystery—Treasure or Coal?

The Voyage of the "Veronique"

Lord Fitzwilliam, who returned recently from an adventurous voyage in the Pacific, repudiates with some warmth the suggestion that he was looking for treasure. It appears he was prospecting for coal, but, whatever the motives (which one is bound to admit do not concern the public), the party accompanying him had hard work, and their reward, in most cases, was to be wounded.

The Fitzwilliams are descended from a Sir William Fitzwilliam, who, in the reign of Edward VI., received a grant of territory in County Wicklow, where the present peer owns large estates. Lady Fitzwilliam, who hastened to Plymouth to meet the expedition on its return, is a daughter of the Marquis of Zetland.

Photo by Gregory

Lieut.-Col. Gordon-Carter

Photo by Debenham

Admiral Palliser

Two well-known sportsmen, who accompanied Earl Fitzwilliam on his mysterious treasure—or coal—hunting expedition to Cocos Island

Admiral Palliser, who, whether he went in search of coal or not, is certainly a firm believer in the treasure of Cocos Island, is a very keen sportsman. He lives in Co. Kildare, and has seen much active service. Colonel Gordon-Carter is another keen sportsman, who commanded the 1st Life Guards until about a year ago. Indeed, all the members of the expedition are such sportsmen, that they must excuse a certain amount of scepticism about the Search-for-Coal tale.

Photo by Lafayette

Lady Fitzwilliam

Photo by Elliott and Fry

Lord Fitzwilliam

Earl Fitzwilliam, who is the owner of the yacht *Veronique*, and host to the party of hunters who went on the Cocos Island expedition, says that coal, and not hidden treasure, was sought for by the party

The King of the Belgians Defied by His Daughter

Photo by *Boute*

Princess Clementine of Belgium

The Princess is the third daughter of the King of the Belgians

PRINCESS CLEMENTINE ANNOUNCES HER FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE WITH PRINCE VICTOR NAPOLEON

Photo by *Oricelly*

Prince Victor Napoleon

The Prince is the head of the Bonaparte Family

Some six months ago THE BYSTANDER was the first journal to report the rumour that Prince Victor Napoleon was engaged to Princess Clementine, the third daughter of the King of the Belgians. At the time our statement was received with incredulity, and was accorded the usual official contradiction. Now, however, the Princess has stated her fixed determination to marry the Prince, and, after waiting to hear that she and her sisters had lost the law-suit they brought against the King, left Brussels for a villa she has rented at St. Raphael.

It remains to be seen whether she will have the courage to marry Prince Victor, who, it may be stated, is married morganatically, for it cannot be denied that public opinion looks with a growing distaste on Princes who marry morganatically, and then disregard the marriage to form "a princely alliance."

The King of the Belgians is, it is said, opposed to the marriage for this reason, but there is another, and even a stronger, political objection. The Bonaparte family are exiles from France, and King Leopold finds it politic to be friendly with his powerful neighbour. Prince Victor is not a *personâ grata*, even with the Bonapartists, who prefer to rally round his younger brother Louis; but, neverthless, he unites actually the claims of the Bonaparte family, and with him as a son-in-law, the King of the Belgians might find his many pleasant little visits to the French capital curtailed.

Photo by] **Leopold II., King of the Belgians, and father of Princess Clementine** [*Topical Agency*

The King of the Belgians, who is the central figure of our photograph, is said to be bitterly opposed for political reasons, to the marriage of his daughter with Prince Victor Napoleon

Characters in the Dickens Dance

Nicholas Nickleby
Mr. Mitchell

Little Nell and her Grandfather
(Old Curiosity Shop)
Mr. Henry F. Dickens and Miss V. Dickens

Mrs. Lupin
(Martin Chuzzlewit)
Mrs. C. E. Baker

Photos by

Madame Defarge
(Tale of Two Cities)
Mrs. W. F. Halliday

HELD AT THE EMPRESS ROOMS, KENSINGTON, IN AID OF THE WEST HAM HOSPITAL, STRATFORD

Vandyk

Sidney Carton
(Tale of Two Cities)
Mr. W. F. Halliday

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

The Recess in Retrospect

The time draws near for the reassembling of Parliament, and a backward glance at the Recess is not unjustified. Some members will look back upon it with regret; not the real born Parliamentarians perhaps, but those others who have to reflect ruefully that the cheers and laughter which greeted their old familiar tags in their own constituencies can no longer be looked forward to. Reporters are, unfortunately, a good deal more critical than electors, and cheers (in Parliament) take some raising nowadays.

Sad Changes

It cannot be altogether gratifying for the worthy—but not supernaturally gifted—Member to exchange his local paper for the *Times*, and find—in place of the full report of his speech—the grudging statement that he "also spoke on the subject," or "followed with a few remarks," or "rose amid cries of 'Divide.'" Truly, as the Persian proverb says, it is more pleasant to be heckled in the Provinces than to serve as a dinner-gong at Westminster.

A Surprise for Mr. Brodrick

Though reputations are occasionally added to—if not made—during the Recess, the passing one has not been very noticeable in this respect. Perhaps the Far Eastern War has taken up too much interest. Mr. Balfour, as is very readily admitted, has put as many words on to a half sheet of note-paper as a man not writing shorthand could be expected to do. But no one is very much the wiser for them. Mr. Chaplin has stated his beliefs with a fervour that should bring conviction to those who think it matters what Mr. Chaplin believes. Mr. Arnold Forster—with the best intentions in the world—has brought the heads of public schools about him like hornets. No doubt this will stimulate him to reform the Army still further. Other Ministers have lain low with conspicuous success, except Mr. Brodrick, who, by his recent publication of the Tibetan Blue-book, has—much to his own surprise, no doubt—found himself incurring the joint approval of the Dalai Lama and the *Daily News*.

The Other Side

On the other side, with the assistance of a more or less flowing tide, some progress has been made. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has set a strenuous example by—so to speak—keeping off the fence, and Mr. Asquith has "marked" Mr. Chamberlain with a persistency which has gained him much notoriety. Mr. Morley has made us all think, as he always does. Dr. Clifford—we may count him as an influence, if not as a Member—is, so far as we understand, preparing himself on a diet of skilly for a sojourn behind the gloomy walls of Pentonville.

Photo by *Coates*

The New Art Gallery at Bristol

This fine Gallery has been presented to the City of Bristol by Sir W. H. Wills, Bart., of the well-known firm of tobacco manufacturers, and President of the Bristol Fine Arts Academy. It was opened last Wednesday by Professor Hubert Von Herkomer C.V.O., who gave an interesting address

CORRECTED PROVERBS—NO. V.

"THOUGH IGNORANCE IS BLISS, 'TIS SOMETIMES BETTER TO BE WISE"

The Coming Biography

About Mr. Winston Churchill it is unnecessary to speak, as his biography will be out shortly. The following headings for chapters have been suggested:

Chapter I. Cradle Talk.
Chapter II. His Influence on Public School Life.
Chapter III. His Literary Works.
Chapter IV. How he would have managed the Boer War.
Chapter V. Summoned to Westminster.
Chapter VI. Leavening the Tory Ranks. Disappointment.
Chapter VII. Pro Patria and Anti-Chamberlain.
Chapter VIII. Guiding the Liberal Party.

A False Alarm

It seems that even members of the aristocracy in Russia were rendered anxious by the extraordinary power committed to General Trephoff. They were afraid that it might be abused, and their own persons put in danger, in spite of their loyalty to the Bureaucracy. It is pleasant to note that their fears were unnecessary. "Only Intellectuals," says *Le Temps*, "have been arrested."

The Tsar with Three Faces

The old lady who was anxious to know whether she ought to pray for the Tsar's heart to be softened, or for his courage to be increased, is in the same case as most of us at the present time. Is the Tsar the hardened despot of the *National Review*, or is he the quaking nonentity of last week's telegrams? Or is he again Mr. Stead's enlightened peace-maker? Some one ought to be able to tell us which of these three irreconcilables he is, or whether he is something quite different—a bluff and strenuous young man, who is encouraging his grand-ducal relations to insure their downfall in the quickest possible manner. As very well may be, though, as Mr. Piffler observed, there is no reason in the world for supposing it.

The President's Latest

Speaking of strenuous, President Roosevelt—(the connection is too obvious for us to apologise for making it)—President Roosevelt, then, having downed the Beef Trust, has cast his eye upon the divorce laws of the States and found them lax. Statistics, he thinks, will support him in this view, and should be brought up to date. As a matter of course, whatever statistics may prove, the divorce laws of the States have always been in a notoriously curious condition. The chief point about them is that they differ so much in the various States.

Matrimonial Difficulties

This necessarily makes the business of matrimony a hazardous one. A man in Ohio—let us say—knows that he may threaten his wife with a poker without fear of

Faust" at the Lyceum

The Lyceum, although a "two halls a night" house, is giving a very refined and high-class entertainment, and judging from the attendance, is finding the venture succeed. One of the "turns" is a selection from *Faust*, admirably rendered by three artists from the Grand Opera, Paris

legal consequences. He moves his residence to Kentucky and discovers that, merely for remarking that the clam-chowder at dinner was cold, he has, without more ado, lost his better half. Or again, settled in Cincinnati, he learns that his spouse, disgusted with him for not appreciating the works of Mrs. Baker Eddy (Head of Christian Science), has gone to the Courts to get a separation on the ground that his tastes are not in complete sympathy with hers. President Roosevelt is to be congratulated on noticing that this sort of thing is not the likeliest to conduce to a really strict interpretation of the duties of married life. MINIMUS.

Bystander Philosophy

If the perfection of art is to conceal art, we begin to understand why the music-halls draw such large audiences.

A man may make his mark at billiards and yet be unable to sign a cheque.

A woman should not marry the man she can live with, but the man she thinks she cannot live without —but can.

Faint heart never won a game of Poker.

It is much easier to tell truths than lies. Only a statistician can lie truthfully. A romancer only can tell the truth lyingly.

Lie not at all, or all in all.

Nature is that which is invariably not so natural as it is painted. Art is that which goes one better than nature.

Though a rolling stone gathers no moss, a rolling snowball gathers much snow, while a rolling football gathers a crowd of spectators.

The miser is often a spendthrift where his emotions are involved.

The Complex Life

[A chart of life, published by Professor Boyd Laynard, gives emphatic warning of dangerous rocks in the shape of sausages, pork, turtle, and other commodities. Eels must not be eaten by brain workers, chilly persons should cultivate a taste for sardines, while irritable people are warned away from ginger. Whitebait, it is suggested, is inadvisable for persons who are of an amorous nature, asparagus is forbidden to those who suffer from excitement. Duck is described as unsuitable for the bashful, the irate, the pale, the drowsy, and the inebriate.—EDITOR.]

I used to wonder what I ought to eat!
Here is a simple Chart for every meal;
If I have brains, for instance, I delete
The tempting eel!

Mornings just now are often raw and cold,
—Bacon (well fried) would suit me well, I ween,
I should, however, cultivate, I'm told,
The coy sardine!

"Whitebait, again," the Chart goes on to state,
"Should not be eaten by the amorous;
And if excited, leave upon your plate
Asparagus."

Duck by the bashful, ditto by the pale,
Must be avoided—there is danger there.
Pray don't get angry, but, if tempers fail,
Ginger beware!

What, then, is left that mortals *can* devour?
There is no food not hedged about with "buts";
Soon it will come to taking once an hour
Palm oil and nuts!

CREATING "INTERNAL UNREST"

"'Ere y'are guvnor! 'Orrible reverlooshon in China! Four thousand 'eads cut off!"

CONCERNING MAXIM GORKY

(NO. 62 OF THE SERIES)

At the time of writing these words, nobody but General Trephoff and some subordinate pacificators know where to find Maxim, or Maxime, or Maksim Gorky. On the 25th of January he was seized at Riga, and lodged in the fortress of Schlüsselberg. A rumour stated soon afterwards that he had been taken to St. Petersburg. Our hope is that, by the time these words appear, the protest of Europe will have been heeded, and the foremost genius of young Russia set at liberty. We had rather have that happen than be impeccably up to date.

From the point of view of a desperate and savage tyranny, bent on the crushing of a nation's spirit, it was undoubtedly wise to get Gorky out of the way. He was foremost among the remarkable band of men of letters who put themselves—too late, it seems—at the head of the unarmed movement that the Tsar met with massacre. Five thousand pounds, it is stated, was contributed by him to the funds of the strike that was turned into a revolt. Our readers may, if they like, consider that a part of that sum came out of their pockets; for they pay THE BYSTANDER, and THE BYSTANDER paid Maxim Gorky for the story from his pen which appeared in its columns last December—just a month before his arrest. So that our interest in him is the special feeling we have for a contributor. As for the Tsar, we can congratulate ourselves on having spoken plainly about him, in what was written "concerning" him last year, some time before recent events exposed him to the contempt of the world.

Maxim Gorky was born thirty-six years ago. They called him Alexei Maximovitch Peshkoff. What are considered advanced views in Russia (it covers everything—from objecting to being pushed off the pavement by a policeman to blowing up the Autocrat) are in the family; for little Alexei Maximovitch's grandfather had been deprived of his commission in a Siberian regiment for holding them. His father was a dyer at Nijni-Novgorod, where his son has his home to-day.

Gorky is not an example of the advantages of a good education. His own account of the matter is that, at the age of ten, he was apprenticed to a shoemaker. This was, no doubt, the next best thing to being properly schooled; for the effect which shoemaking has on the development of the mind is mysterious, but not to be doubted. Nearly all cobblers are men of emancipated opinions. It was the metropolis of the boot trade that used to return Mr. Bradlaugh to Parliament, and now sends Mr. Labouchere. That freedom from illusions which the critics find so remarkable in Gorky's work may go back unto this last, so to speak.

At eleven he was a clerk in a draughtsman's office, where his wayward spirit would appear to have found peace for a longer time than in any one of his subsequent employments. But three years later he laid his pencil down, foreswore his compasses, and (note the omen) abandoned his ruler, in order to become a scullery hand on board a steamer. He was then fifteen. Scullery work not proving in practice so delightful as it had seemed to his boyish imagination, he soon turned to other pursuits. In 1883, bakery beckoned to him. He was a baker's assistant for a while, and afterwards a master baker. There is a story of his about a bakery that leads one to register a solemn vow never to eat bread in Russia.

In 1886, Gorky turned singer, and travelled with an opera troupe. Next he sold apples in the street. He was afterwards a painter of ikons, and subsequently a peddler of kvass. Then he tried to commit suicide. Then he became a lawyer's clerk. After a year or two of this he grew restive again, and went for a walk across Russia. This took a long time, and he settled down, when it was over, as a railway porter. He was then twenty-five; and in the course of the next year came his first book.

Maxim Gorky, then, may be said to have lived. May he long continue so to do; and may he see, before he dies, the day of freedom dawn upon the land that he loves.

The Kaiser's New Pedigree

According to "La Revue," the German Emperor is descended on the paternal side from Admiral de Coligny, and on the maternal side from the Duc de Guise, grandfather of Mary Queen of Scots.

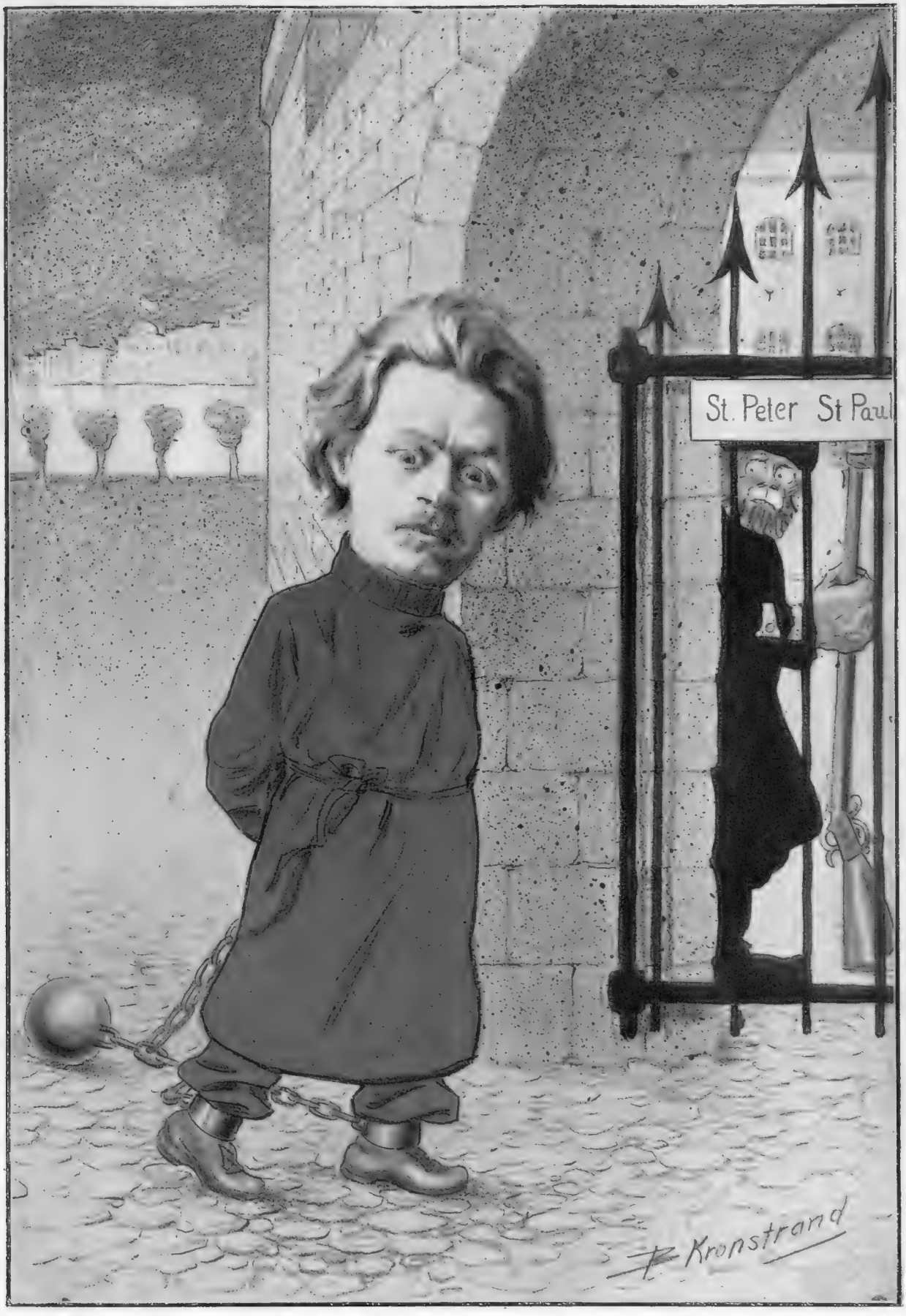
Alsace, pack away your mourning,
Dry your tears, fair Lorraine;
Since the Kaiser is a Frenchman,
You may lift your heads again.

So no longer to the yoke of
Foreign conquerors demur;
Cease to think of him as Kaiser,
Let him be your "Empereur."

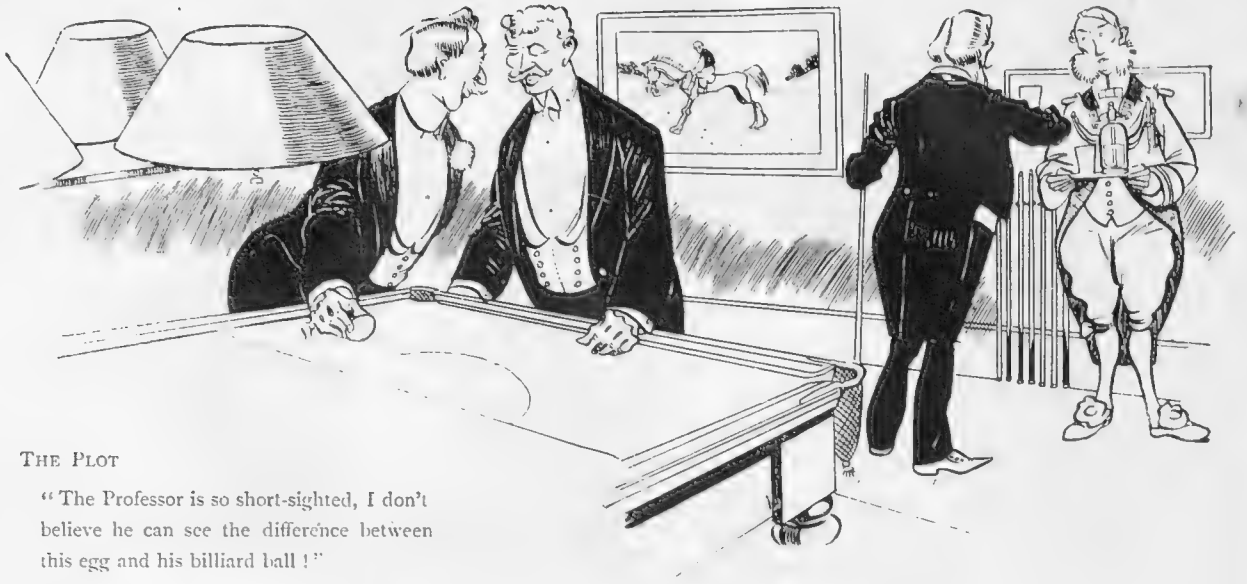
Wilhelm he will be no longer;
Sentiment, of course, requires
That he sign his name as "Guillaume"
When he favours you with wires.

May some long-lost sense of humour,
Dating from his Gallic stock,
Make him mix a little seltzer
With his everlasting "Hock!"

May his French descent avail him,
That a blending we may see
Of some *suaviter in modo*
With his *fortiter in re!*

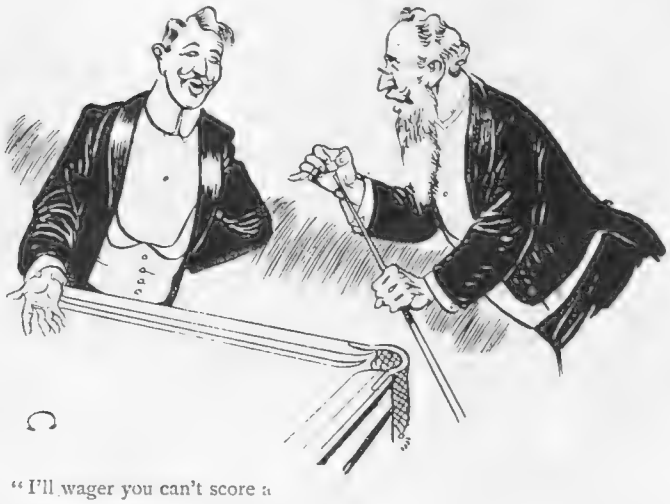


Maxim Gorky: "The Foremost Genius of Young Russia"



THE PLOT

"The Professor is so short-sighted, I don't believe he can see the difference between this egg and his billiard ball!"



"I'll wager you can't score a cannon, Professor"

"My dear friend, nothing is easier"

"Good heavens!!!.....?"

EGGING HIM ON

THE BETTER HOUSING OF THE WORKING CLASSES

By Sir WILLIAM J. COLLINS, F.R.C.S.

Photo by Elliott and Fry

In various essays, including "The Man v. The Microbe," Sir William Collins has pointed out the dangers of overcrowding, while this grave question occupied his attention during his year of office (1897-98) as Chairman of the London County Council.

The report of the Committee on Physical Deterioration (1904) has again stimulated interest in the much discussed question of how to house the working classes. It is not so much to fresh legislation as to co-ordinated observation, informed advisory committees, and more zealous administration, that the Inter-departmental Committee looks for betterment of the national physique.

Among the potent influences comprised in the word "environment," which tend to make or mar the physical well-being of our citizens, scarcely any can compete in importance with those which relate to the home life and dwelling accommodation.

Crowding and Consumption

By far the most widespread, insidious, and baneful of the deleterious agencies which war against our race is tubercle, consumption, or scrofula, in one or other of its various guises. It has been truly termed the white man's plague. What said Robert Koch on this question, which is surely one on which he may be held to speak with authority, and not as the irresponsible scribes of the lay and medical press. At the British Congress on Tuberculosis he ascribed to "the domestic conditions under which the poor everywhere, but especially in great cities, have to live" the presence of tubercular diseases. Again he said: "It is the overcrowded dwellings of the poor that we have to regard as the true breeding places of tuberculosis; it is out of them that the disease always crops up anew, and it is to the abolition of these conditions that we must, *first* and *foremost*, direct our attention, if we wish to attack the evil at its root, and to wage war against it with effective weapons."

The Realisation of Danger

It is to the many-sided philanthropic activity of the late Lord Shaftesbury that this country is indebted for the two first Housing Acts, placed on the statute book in the year 1851. In rapid succession various Housing Acts and amending Acts were passed, honourably connected with the names of Mr. Torrens and Lord Cross. The Metropolis was given a Board of Works, and this board and the municipal authorities in the larger provincial towns became convinced there was indeed a housing problem to solve. The ratepayer as well as the philanthropist became concerned, and the unwisdom of encouraging "rookeries" and plague-spots as disseminators of crime, disease, and vice being recognised, several "clearances" were effected to the benefit of the community, and, it was alleged with reason, to the pecuniary advantage of the slum owners.

The Royal Commission of 1884

By the year 1884 both political parties had become impressed with the need for more extended powers in dealing with the growing evils of overcrowding, and accordingly one of the most powerful and representative of Royal Commissions was appointed "to inquire into the housing of the working classes."

The Report of this Commission is a veritable classic on the subject, and disclosed a scandalous state of affairs, alike in the Metropolis, in some large provincial towns, and in agricultural districts.

The horrors of the one-roomed tenement were dragged to the light of day. There were rookeries in St. Pancras with a mortality of 44 per 1,000, but the evil was not confined to London. There were slums as overcrowded in Bristol and Newcastle. Indeed, the Commission found that "sometimes the most aggravated forms of the evil exist in the smaller centres of population." The poorer artisans not infrequently had to pay a fifth, a fourth, or even a third of their weekly wages in rent for such sorry accommodation; while absentee landlords or middlemen harvested a return of some 100, or even 150 per cent. Meanwhile, the overcrowding, due to the movement and growth of population, was being intensified by such extrinsic causes as railway clearances, the conversion of small house property into commercial premises, and by street widenings and clearances effected by public authorities. Worse still, the Commission found that such legal powers as existed had been grossly neglected; administrative failure was due to "the negligence in many cases of the existing local authorities," and, worst of all, "many of the persons whose duty it is to see that a better state of things exists are those interested in keeping things as they are."

The Effect of the Report of the Commission

The Commission pleaded for reformed and informed local government, for more driving power in local administration, for certain amendments in the Housing Acts, for a revision of the incidence of local taxation, for more workmen's trains and improved means of locomotion, and for such alterations in the standing orders of Parliament as should compel railway companies to fulfil their obligations in the matter of rehousing in the case of removal of dwellings occupied by the working classes.

The Housing of the Working Classes Act, 1890, with later amending Acts, has given effect to some of these recommendations, and consolidated previous legislation.

(Copyright in U.S.A., by Sir William J. Collins, F.R.C.S.)

The Report of the Royal Commission of 1885, the new legislation, and, above all, the enlightened study of "the politics of poverty," and quickened zeal in municipal enterprise, have contributed to give that driving power, the absence of which the Royal Commission deplored.

In London, the additional factor of a new, unified, and representative governing body, the London County Council, instinct with a desire for the social betterment of its less-favoured citizens, served to accelerate the pace. The arrears of London neglect were enormous, and the task of tackling them would have dismayed a less progressive and strenuous body.

Before 1890 closed, the Council had resolved that the 15 acres of slumdom in Bethnal Green, with a 40 per 1,000 death-rate, and the concentrated abominations lightly sketched in "A Child of the Jago," should be blotted out. To-day, on the self-same spot, 4,000 men, women, and children are living in decent, sanitary dwellings at reasonable rentals, and a death-rate, both general and zymotic, less than the average of London as a whole. At Clare Market, in the very heart of London, another 3½ acres of fetid alleys and wretched *culs de sac* have made way for broad thoroughfares and healthy habitations.

In accordance with a suggestion of the Royal Commission, the site of the melancholy Millbank Prison, familiar to an earlier generation of Londoners and to readers of "David Copperfield," has, under the London County Council's operations, been metamorphosed into an estate of seventeen handsome red-brick blocks of dwellings with tenements from 6*s.* to 10*s.* 6*d.* a week, with whose healthy inhabitants the King and Queen are on calling acquaintance.

The Good Work of the L.C.C.

Not only has the London County Council, under what is called Part I. of the Act of 1890, swept away some half-dozen plague spots in the inner zone of London, and replaced them by model dwellings; not only have they rehoused those of the working class they have displaced in connection with large improvement schemes and street widenings; but, recognising the intimate relation between improved locomotion and housing, they have called in aid their tramway system as well as workmen's trains, and have pushed their housing operations into the suburbs, north, south, and west of London.

Thus, at Tooting, at the terminus of the electric tram, a village community is springing up on some forty acres of land bought by the Council. Here, in cottages with gardens, additional accommodation is being provided (under Part III. of the Act) for more than eight thousand persons. Here a self-contained cottage, three-roomed, is to be had for 7*s.* or 8*s.* a week, and the scheme is self-supporting at this rental. Allowing 1*s.* a week for travelling to town and back for the breadwinner, the rent, plus travelling, will compare favourably with 5*s.* a room in an overcrowded tenement in town. As regards salubrity and the health of the wife and children, the Tooting cottage is incomparably superior.

Similarly at Tottenham, Norbury, and at Wormwood Scrubbs, the Council has estates in various stages of progression, on all of which dwellings are being provided, where previously there were none, thus tending to relieve the house famine from which London has suffered, and so ameliorate the lot of the 800,000 who, according to the Registrar-General, are still living in overcrowded conditions. Already more than 15,000 persons have been displaced from London slums, while accommodation has been provided for more than 22,000; and when all the schemes for housing and rehousing now in progress are completed, dwellings will have been provided for some 80,000 in all.

What is the Cost?

Financially, the housing schemes of the Council have been, generally speaking, self-supporting. The Council has discountenanced charity rents. Of some £4,000,000 spent under the Housing Act some £2,500,000 represents the cost of clearance of insanitary areas. This is justly made a Metropolitan charge, as the price of removal of a public menace and the supervision of a hot-bed of disease and crime. The cleared areas are then assessed at their housing value, and are so dealt with in the Council's accounts, with the exception of a few ineligible sites, where even such so-called housing value was unobtainable. So far then as the housing and rehousing operations are concerned, there has been practically no charge upon the County rate. Rents are so fixed that they shall not exceed those ruling in the neighbourhood, and shall at the same time cover interest and sinking fund on the cost of the buildings and the housing value of the land. An all-round average of the Council's dwellings works out at a rental of about 2*s.* 10*d.* a room.

The Most Important Rate of All

Meanwhile, what is the effect of all this activity upon another and not less important rate, viz., the death-rate? Prior to the year 1880 London had never had a death-rate of less than 20 per 1,000. Since 1894 it has never had one above that figure, and last year yielded the absolutely lowest death-rate on record for the Metropolis, viz., 15·2. The Registrar-General's latest report also contains the gratifying assurance that overcrowding is slowly but surely becoming less. There are fewer one-roomed tenements than there were ten years ago, and in tenements of less than five rooms, overcrowding has considerably diminished. But, perhaps, among the most striking and hopeful signs of all are the returns from the Council's own dwellings, as these are now becoming sufficiently numerous and populous to permit some generalisation from them. Thus I learn that while in London, as a whole, the death-rate last year was the lowest on record, viz., 15·2, that of the Council's tenants was only 11·8. When it is remembered that some of these dwell on sites of former slums, which furnished a death-rate of over 40 per 1,000, we may form some estimate of the influence of environment on health and disease, on life and death.

Such then, briefly told, has been the experience of the largest sanitary authority in the kingdom during the last fourteen years in this matter of vital concern. It is full of good augury and encouragement alike for the statesman and the philanthropist, for assuredly it is true that without health there is no true wealth.

Next week, Mrs. Creighton will deal with the question of "Mistresses and Servants"

AT A COVENT GARDEN FANCY DRESS BALL

The Queen of Scots Anniversary

To-day being the 318th anniversary of the death of Mary Queen of Scots it may be of interest to give an account of Duns Castle, which contains so many relics of the ill-fated Queen. Hay of Duns Castle is a descendant in a direct line from Margaret Seton, the constant friend and associate of Mary Queen of Scots, and the relics of the House of Stuart, which are still preserved, include a silver backgammon board, which belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, presented by her to Margaret Seton (one of the Queen's Maries)—and brought into the Hay family by her descendant, the Hon. Ely Seton—a lock of hair of Prince Charlie Stuart, and one of his brother, the Cardinal Duke of York.

Duns Castle—derived from the Celtic word Dun (a hill or fort)—is a link with the days when Englishman and Scot strove for mastery to and fro across the Border. Hither the Scottish army assembled in 1318, before the brilliant and successful assault on Berwick, under Randolph and Lord James Douglas. The King was present at Duns, but took no part in the attack.

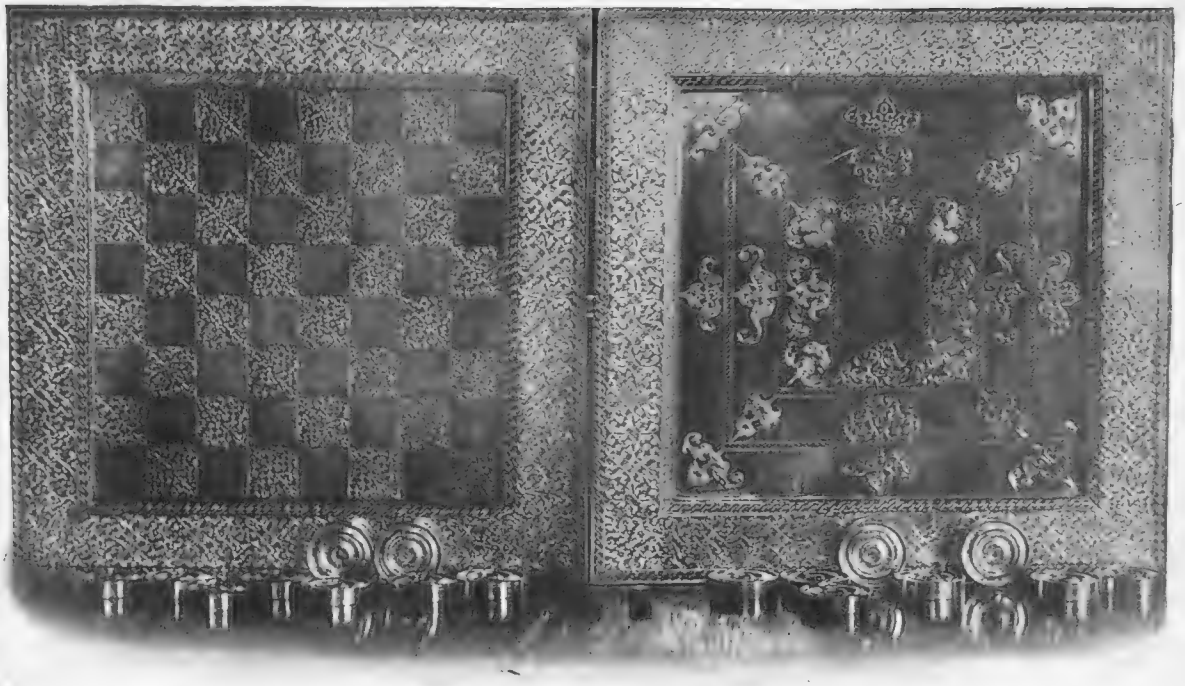
Fifteen years after, the Scottish Army

Hay and Mrs. Hay at the entrance to Duns Castle

Duns Castle is an historic Scottish home, which contains many relics of the Stuart House. Hay of Duns Castle is a direct descendant, in the female line, of Mary Seton, the constant friend and companion of Mary Queen of Scots

Photographs copyright] **Duns Castle, near Berwick, as seen from the carriage-drive** [*The Bystander*

Duns Castle was once a peel tower, and afterwards was the headquarters of General Alexander Leslie, when the Covenanters lay encamped on Duns Law in 1639. The fantastic gargoyles are a feature of interest



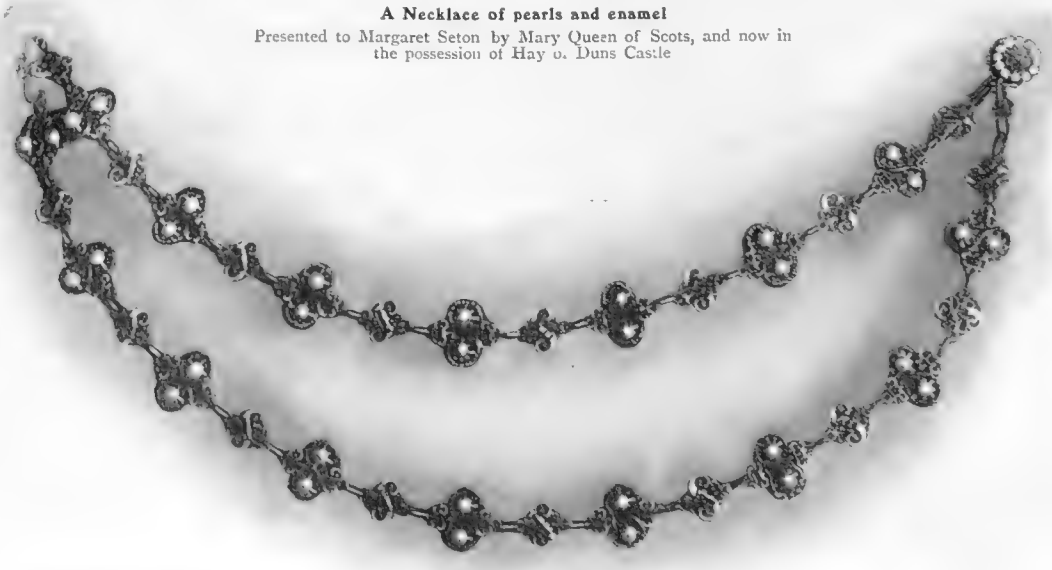
A Silver Backgammon Board, which once belonged to Mary Queen of Scots
This was presented by the ill-fated Queen to Mary Seton, her friend, who was a direct ancestress of Hay of Duns Castle, to whom it has descended as an heirloom

again assembled in Duns Park, under Sir Archibald Douglas, for the relief of Berwick—besieged by the English—but this time suffered defeat.

About 1372, an incursion of the English into the Eastern Borders was checked at Duns by a somewhat whimsical expedient on the part of some youths of the town. Sir Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, unable to brook the disastrous and grievous harrying of the English, assembled his forces, to the number of 7,000 men-at-arms, penetrated into Scotland, and over-ran the whole land of the Earl of Dunbar, wasting it with fire and sword. Marching on thence, the first night, to Duns Park, he encamped there. Hither came some cunning lads, varlets, and youths of the county, with some of their dependents, about midnight, making a fearful noise with a certain instrument, which in Scotland is called Clochbolg (according to some, distended bladders with pebbles inside), and with horn trumpets. Thus was the Earl Percy compelled shamefully to take flight home to England. It is from this episode that the quaint old saying arose, and which to this day survives—" Duns dings a'."

Coming to later years, Duns Castle was the headquarters of General Alexander Leslie, when the Covenanters lay encamped at Duns Law in 1639. The external aspect of the Castle has been changed since those days, chiefly by an addition made to it by the Hon. William Hay, second son of the Earl of Tweeddale, who married Elizabeth Seton, daughter of Viscount Kingston. Later, alterations were made by Alexander Hay, great-great-grandfather of the present owner, but the original walks are almost entire, and very little change has been made in the ground plan.

A Necklace of pearls and enamel
Presented to Margaret Seton by Mary Queen of Scots, and now in the possession of Hay of Duns Castle



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"Half-Hours with Great Authors"

No. IV.—THE YOUTH WHO COULD NOT SHIVER

[This charming little tale by the Brothers Grimm has been thought by experts to throw a light upon the career of Mr. Winston Churchill. To those readers who have not seen our previous issues, we may say that this is the fourth series of reprints from Famous Books, which seem to reflect—in a simple, old-fashioned way—some of the Political Problems of the present day.]

Once upon a time there was a Youth who could not shiver. His father had been very fearless before him, but nothing to speak of in comparison with his son. Nursemaids who had tried to frighten the Youth in his cradle (before he was a Youth) with tales about Bogeys, gave notice in disgust, because he only crowed with delight. Later on, schoolmasters wept because the Youth would think that the Birch-rod was brought out just to amuse him.

As the Youth grew up—which he did very rapidly—his inability to shiver caused his enemies much annoyance, and gave even his friends a headache. "We really must try to make him shiver," they said: and the Youth replied, quite seriously, "I only wish you could. I should enjoy shivering." He was so much in earnest that when a war broke out between his country and another, he at once offered to go out as a war correspondent—

"Unless you think I should learn to shiver more easily as an ordinary soldier," he said to the Editor who engaged him.

"Oh, no," said the Editor. "War correspondence is what you're looking for, for as a correspondent you'll be between two fires—me and the enemy—not to mention our own Military Censor."

"Delightful!" said the Youth, and he went off in high hope—only, alas, to be disappointed. The enemy shot at him, and he only beamed. They took him prisoner, and he liked it. They threatened to shoot him if he ran away, and he went off the next night.

"What is to be done?" he asked despairingly of his friends, when he returned. "The Boers haven't made me shiver a bit——"

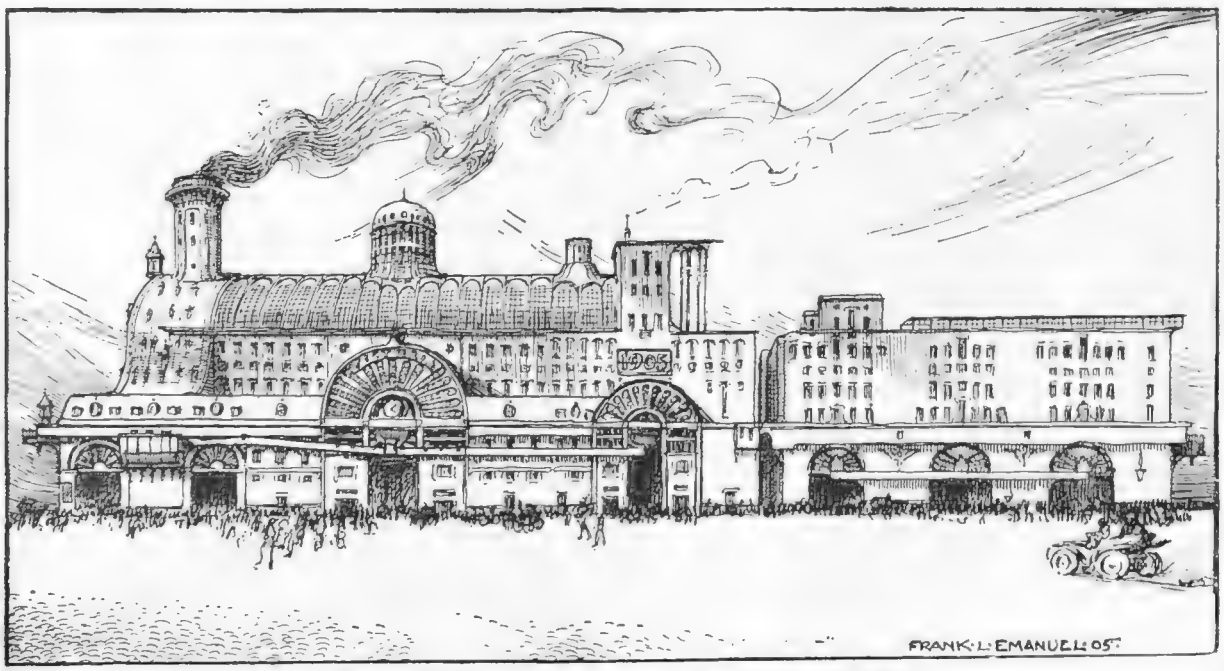
"Perhaps the Bores will," they said, and they sent him into Parliament as a Unionist. Many people feel shivery when they first go into Parliament, but the Youth didn't. He thought it was great fun, and first he attacked the Opposition and then he attacked his own Party, just to see if none of them could make him shiver. They tried to by boring him, and cutting him, and setting Joseph—the most alarming of all their debaters—at him. But they didn't succeed, and the Youth, getting into the lowest of spirits, thought he would see whether he could learn to shiver by becoming a Liberal.

Most Unionists not only shiver at such a course, but turn positively black in the face at the mere idea. The Youth didn't. He thoroughly enjoyed the change, and proceeded to go about the country, making unpleasant remarks about his late allies, in the hope that they might throw brickbats at him, and so cause him to shiver.

They knew, however, that brickbats were useless, and they didn't like to try poisoning him, especially as they were not sure that he wouldn't take to it like chewing-gum.

In fact, both friends and enemies had given the Youth up in despair, when a very sagacious Person made the following suggestion:—

"Wait till the Liberals get in. Perhaps they will make him Secretary for War. If that doesn't make him shiver, nothing will." So they are waiting.



The New Victoria Station: A Forecast by our Irrepressible Artist

We understand that the designs for the new station at Victoria, now in course of erection, were made by an engineer in the employ of the London Brighton Railway Company. We are fortunate in being able to present a rough anticipatory sketch of the effect this will have on the completed building

Two New Instances of Nature's Freakishness

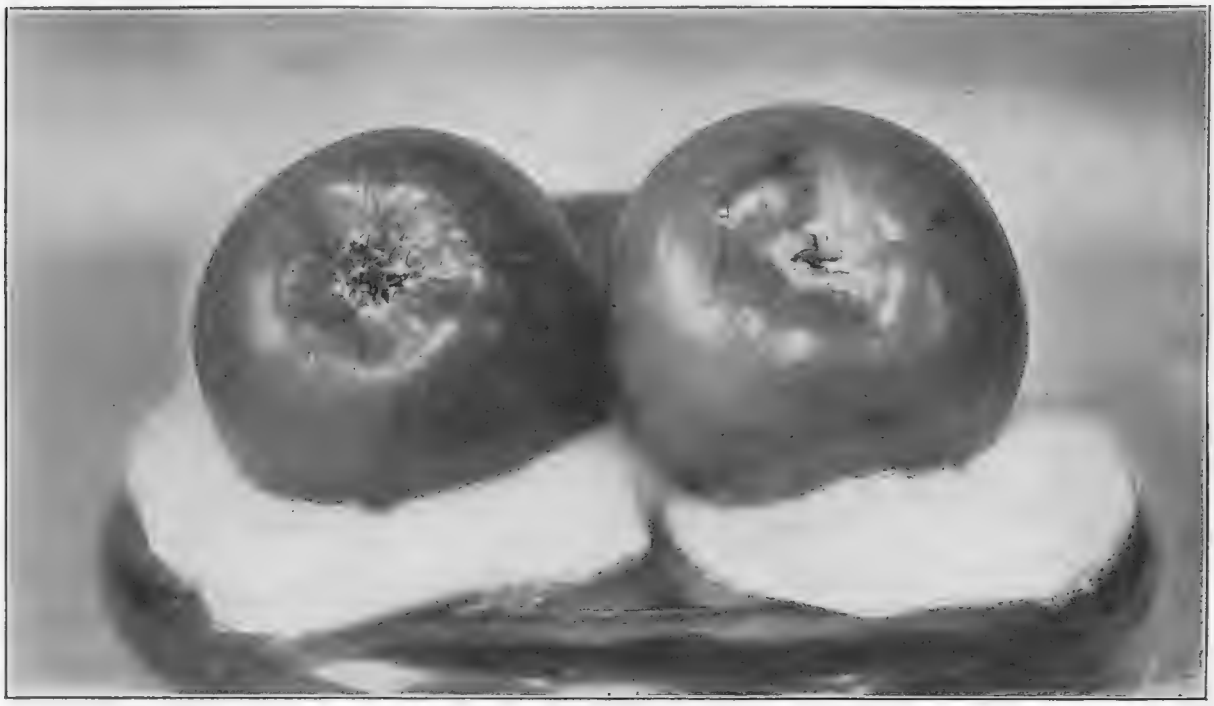


Photo by *Bolak*

Seedless Apples at Thirty Shillings Apiece

The two apples seen above were among the first four of a seedless variety to arrive in England, and were purchased for £3 by Messrs. B. Shearn and Son, of 234, Tottenham Court Road, where they are now on view. These apples are not, as may be supposed, the result of man's ingenuity, but simply a freak of Nature Further experiments are now being made in the orchards of Colorado, whence these came, which will probably result in quantities of this seedless variety being sold at popular prices

Photo by *Topical Agency*

A Five Thousand Pound Orchid

This group of orchids was recently purchased by Messrs. Sander and Co., of St. Albans. The magnificent specimen in the centre fetched £5,000, this being the record price paid for a single specimen. The profession of orchid hunting is a most adventurous one, and carried on among the mountains and forests of Central and Southern America. The pay of the hunter depends upon the beauty and variety of the specimens found

OUR SHORT STORY

THE WHITE FOX OF KILCONNERY

By THOMAS S. BLACKWELL

There was not a jollier house in all Ireland than Grouse Lodge, nor a kinder host than poor old Tom Bayly (peace to his ashes!); while as to the rest of the family, boys and girls, the difficulty was to determine which of them you liked best.

It was indeed an ideal spot at which to spend one's holidays: with good company, plenty of shooting, and in the middle of a rattling fine hunting district, though, perhaps, a bit on the rough side; so it was with much pleasure that I found myself whirling down to Ballyhooley by the 4 p.m. express one afternoon in the winter of 186—.

My old chum, Jack Bayly, met me at the station, and the smart dun cob was not long about landing us at Grouse Lodge, the noise of the wheels on the gravel bringing the whole family out on the door-steps, to give me such a welcome as I don't think could be got anywhere else.

Even old Mat Smith, the butler, who had grown old in the service, was there, and his "Bedad, ye're as welcome as the flowers o' May, Misthur Tommy!" was not the least hearty greeting I got.

Mat and I were firm old friends, and many a sporting tip I got from him in my boyish days.

Old Mat (and his father before him) had been in the service of the Baylys so long, that he was regarded more in the light of one of the family than a servant. He entered into the conversation at the dinner-table quite naturally, no one seeming to mind him; but the story is told that one day, when some particular guest was present, he mortally offended "the master" by flatly contradicting him when relating one of his pet yarns. Next morning the old butler was sent for.

"Mat," said Mr. Bayly, "we've been a long time together now, but we must part at last."

"Part is it?" exclaimed Mat in the greatest astonishment. "Shure, where are ye going to, sir?"

"It is not I that am going, Mat, it is you. I have been contradicted before my friends at my own table long enough, but after last night I'll stand it no longer. You must go."

"Thin, sir," coolly replied Mat, "Wid all respects to you, the divil a fut I'll go. You may not know whin ye have a good sarvint, but *I* know whin I have a good masthur."

Mat went off about his household duties as if nothing whatever had been said to him, and there the thing ended.

The old man followed me up to my room, and told me briefly of the house party.

"We have some quare ones this time, Misthur Tommy."

"How's that, Mat?" I asked.

"Well, there's a 'Merican, a funny sort o' chap, that's always talkin' o' dollars; and there's a furriner —Count Caskowhiskey he calls himself. I don't like the pair o' them, for I think they're tryin' to git the Masthur into some shindycate—whatever the divil that is—to make chockylate out o' bog-stuff, an', from what I hear thim sayin', I'm thinkin' they want him to put a thousan' pounds into the 'schame,' as they call it. Be me sowl! it's a fine pair o' schamers they are! They want to start on the bog beyant at Ballyfinboy, but do you put the poor Masthur out o concate with 'the schame'—bad luck to it! An', what do you think, Misthur Tommy, but the Count—d—n his impudence!—is makin' up to Miss Connie!"

That settled the matter in *my* mind, and I vowed vengeance against "the Count" on the spot.

With the Yankee, "Caskowhiskey," a couple of subs from the garrison town, and myself, added to the Bayly family, we made quite a large party, and Mat and his A.D.C., Mick Doogan, who had been impressed for the occasion to "wait"—which he did so effectually that he let everything he was "told off" for get stone cold—were kept busy, but the old butler had time to take in some of the braggadocio which "the Count" was indulging in for Connie's benefit, relating feats of valour he had performed in various field sports.

"Aye! ye'd do the divil an' all, I know." I heard Mat mutter, as he overheard a Munchausen yarn. "Wait till we see you out wid the hounds to-morrow."

Dinner over, and the ladies gone, the talk turned altogether on sport, and particularly on the meet of to-morrow, when the trysting place was fixed for Thade Sleeson's cross-roads.

"It used to be a favourite meet in the old days," said our host. "Many a good run I've had from the wood just near it. About thirty years ago we had some clinking runs with the famous White Fox of Kilconnery. The people used to say that this fox was a witch, but, be that as it may, one thing is certain—we never killed him; but he disappeared suddenly, and we could never find out what happened to him."

"By the way, Jack," said Mr. Bayly to his son, "I had that cross-grained curmudgeon, Burke of Kilconnery, over with me to-day. He is in a great state of excitement over having lost his pet fox, and is vowing vengeance against all creation. He thinks it has been stolen, for he says that, even if it did get loose, it wouldn't leave the place."

I saw a quick glance pass between Jack and old Mat. At the time I could not understand what it meant, but understood it afterwards.

In the drawing-room, after dinner, my feelings towards the Count did not improve, as he quite monopolised Connie Bayly, and I felt a savage joy when I heard him pledge himself "to bring back zee

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The hounds were yelling and jumping round the kitchen door, while old Burke and his fat, red-faced cook—the former armed with a spade-handle, and the latter with a dirty broom—were keeping the dogs at bay

broom of zee vox" to her. In my room that night Jack and I had a long chat, over our pipes. I was told, in the greatest secrecy, that, a few days before, he and Mat had induced Mick Doogan (dog boy and emergency butler to the establishment), by sundry bribes of whiskey and tobacco, to make a midnight visit to Kilconnery, and carry off old Burke's pet fox. The animal was, he told me, now safely ensconced in Tim Slattery's barn, near Borris Wood, and it was intended to shake him down in that covert next morning, just before hounds drew it. The Balruddery hounds were not particular, they would hunt a hare, a fox, or a deer all equally well, and, as a word had been sent to Mr. Foley, the Master, that a fox had been constantly seen about Borris Wood, it was known that he would draw that covert before looking for a hare.

"You'll be all right, old chap!" said Jack. "Kate can't go out to-morrow, so she is giving you Ladybird, as a great favour. The little mare is in grand order, and will carry you like a bird, if you haven't put up too much flesh since you became a city man. I expect we'll see some rare fun with the Yankee and the Count. They've got round the Governor in some extraordinary way, but it's my belief that they're a couple of blooming impostors, and I'll take jolly good care that the old man doesn't go into any of their confounded bog-chocolate swindles. I don't believe they can ride 'for nuts,' and the Governor is mounting them on old Tom and Jerry, the carriage pair, and once they hear hounds they'll take the two Johnnies just where they like, for it would take a windlass to pull them with the light snaffles that Mat is putting on them. Altogether, I think you'll see just about as comical a day to-morrow as you ever did in your life. There'll be holy murder, though, if old Burke finds out that it is his pet fox."

The day came—with nice, seasonable weather; and a merry, if a bit mixed, party was that which left Grouse Lodge that morning after breakfast. A nice-sized field turned up at the cross-roads, and a move was at once made for Borris Wood.

Hounds were hardly in the wood when they opened. "A fox for certain!" shouted the Master, with a cheer that would have made Wagner turn green with envy.

We were nearly all stationed in a field beside the wood, which overlooked Ballyfinboy Bog. At the cry of the hounds and the cheer of the Master, Tom and Jerry, who had hitherto been the personification of decorum, pricked up their ears, snorted, and, with tails elevated in the air, started off in a round trot, and did the circuit of the field as if they had the carriage behind them, despite the efforts of their riders to pull them up.

But what is that? A crash of canine music from the upper end of the wood, and a cheery "Tally! Taa-a-a-ly! Gone awa-a-ay!" from Jacky, the Whip.

We see hounds streaming out of covert, and across Tim Slattery's big pasture fields. But what is that in front of them? "By all that's good," yelled old Mr. Bayly. "The White Fox!"

Away we went helter-skelter, without a thought of anything but getting on terms with hounds who were going like a streak of lightning. There is no use entering into an account of the run beyond saying that we had a regular screamer of twenty-five minutes to the Piper's Fort, where a collie chipped in and turned our fox from his point, which was evidently Kilconnery. This occasioned a check, the owner of the sheep-dog telling us, in the most excited tones, that "The fox was a white one, an' as big as a young ass!"

"We'll lose him now in Killeagh earths," said the Master, as Ringwood picked up the line, and the pack raced away in that direction.

But no; he held on right over, then, and on by Finner Church to Clonbeg, where he wheeled to the right, and again set his mark for Kilconnery.

We could not catch up on the pack, but all (except Jack and myself) were astonished to find that our fox did not enter the secure haven of rest he might have found in Kilconnery Wood, but skirting it he ran on to the house, as we could hear the pack in full chorus in the yard.

A funny sight greeted us when we rode up. The hounds were yelling and jumping round the kitchen-door, while old Burke and his fat, red-faced cook—the former armed with a spade-handle, and the latter with a dirty broom—were keeping the dogs at bay. We had just arrived on the scene, and Burke was using the most unparliamentary language to the company at large, when into the yard clattered a wonderful looking combination in "the Count" and Jerry—each carrying a plentiful supply of Ballyfinboy bog stuff.

"Vere is zee vox? Vere is zee vox?" cried the gallant Count, as he dashed up to the kitchen-door, "I vant zee *broom?*"

"Bedad! an' ye'll git it, too, ye murtherin' blaggard!" screamed Peggy, as she struck at "the Count," and hit him a blow which sent him sprawling off his horse into the middle of the yelling pack. "I'll tache ye, *mabouchal*, to come stalin' our poor Charlie to make divarshun for yer infernal dogs!"

The rage of Burke was something terrific. He had just been in time to save his pet, Charlie, from the hounds, and all the water in the Shannon would not clear Jack Bayly, as, somehow, it leaked out that he was the prime mover in the matter.

"The Count" and his horse had not got into a very deep spot in the bog, and had scrambled out somehow, when the gallant knight, mindful of his Quixotic vow, had dashed off in the direction hounds had gone, arriving just in time to earn the coveted "broom."

His partner in distress was pulled out by a party of men with ropes, and it was only a chance that he and his horse were not left to be dug up in hundreds of years to come, for some extinct animal collection.

Their experiences in that day did not seem to further their company-promoting scheme. At all events, they cleared off the day after and were never seen in the neighbourhood again. But how came it that old Burke's pet fox was so metamorphosed? Well, it was this way. Mick Doogan was entrusted with the turning down of "the bagman," but when he got to Slattery's, on the morning of the hunt, the only bag he could get to carry Charlie in was an old flour sack, and this was how our quarry became "The White Fox of Kilconnery."

THOMAS S. BLACKWELL.

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Lady Jean: The Romance of the Great Douglas Cause." By Percy Fitzgerald. Illustrated. (Fisher Unwin: 12*s.* net.)

"The Truth about the Tsar: And the Present State of Russia." By Carl Joubert, author of "Russia as it Really Is." (E. Nash: 7*s.* 6*d.*)

"Alessandro Scarlatti." By Edward J. Dent. The life and works of a forgotten master musician. (Edward Arnold.)

"Life and Letters at Bath in the Eighteenth Century." By A. Barbeau. (Heinemann: 15*s.* net.)

"The Other Side of the Lantern." By Sir Frederick Treves. (Cassell and Co., Ltd.: 12*s.* net.)

NEW NOVELS

"Stolen Waters." By Lucas Cleeve. Published to-day. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"The Gate of the Desert." By John Oxenham. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Red Cravat." By A. T. Sheppard. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

"The Mystery of the Moat." By Adeline Sergeant. (Methuen and Co.: 6*s.*)

"Aubrey Ellison." By St. John Lucas. (Brown, Langham and Co., Ltd.: 6*s.*)

The Latest Books

Life and Letters at Bath in the Eighteenth Century
By A. Barbeau
(Heinemann: 15s. net)

There are few more interesting subjects of study than the condition of social life in bygone times; and there is probably no period of English history so well adapted for this study as is the eighteenth century. It is far enough away from our own time to arouse a keen historical interest, and it is near enough to awaken echoes not yet quite silent. And again, of all the places which seem to echo most of eighteenth century life and manners, the ancient city of Bath is the most characteristic. For at the beginning of the century it was only just arousing itself from its state of sleepy provincialism, and, at the end of it, was enjoying a last spell of popularity before sinking into its present position as a town which no one would think of visiting, unless business or other special reasons took him; but what a difference there was during the intervening years! All fashionable England thronged to it. And not fashionable England alone. There is not a name amongst all those who made the eighteenth century famous, either in politics, letters, art, or even religion, that has not some connection with this now faded city of pleasure. It is mentioned in every book, every play, and every biography of the time, and is the centre of a literature which no single city or town in England, except London, can equal. Any adequate study of Bath in the eighteenth century, then, must be full of interest, but it must predicate a knowledge of nearly all that was written in the eighteenth century, and of quite all the famous men and women of the time.

M. A. Barbeau has this knowledge, and considering that he is not an Englishman, his book must be reckoned an extraordinary *tour de force*. It is admirably written, and nothing is left out. Much, indeed, is put in that a writer of our own nation might have been inclined to omit, and the book is strengthened thereby, as Mr. Austin Dobson, than whom no one is more entitled to speak, plainly shows in his excellent introductory chapter. No review, such as is possible in these columns, would do justice to the variety of the information that the author has collected. One interesting point that M. Barbeau has made clear may be mentioned. At a time when the classes in England were very sharply divided, Bath was a common meeting-ground, where the aristocracy laid aside their exclusiveness and the citizens, grown rich in a time of rising prosperity, mixed with them and laid the foundations of the edifice of Society as it is at present constituted, where there is no dividing line between inherited rank and recently acquired wealth. The point is made with abundant detail and agreeable freshness, and M. Barbeau makes other equally interesting points, for which the reader must be referred to his own pages. His book is certainly one of the pleasantest productions of this year, and is full of carefully acquired facts woven into a story of the most entertaining nature.

The Other Side of the Lantern
By Sir Frederick Treves, Bart.
(Cassell and Co., Ltd.: 12s. net)

One gets on terms with Sir Frederick Treves when he describes the "friends" of those bound on a long voyage leaving the ship like a funeral procession, and lining up on the quay—"a phalanx of blank wretchedness, spurious hilarity, and lack of invention in the matter of facial expression and utterance." Here is a touch of whimsical observation, one says

which speaks well for such a travelling companion. And, indeed, Sir Frederick is the most cheery and entertaining of travelling companions. He sees very little throughout his long voyage which any one of the ever-increasing company of globe-trotters may not have seen. But how freshly, and humorously, and acutely, he sees it all. One follows him through India, Burmah, Ceylon, China, Japan, across the Pacific, and home through the States, with ever-increasing appreciation, and, steaming at last through the Solent, takes leave of him with the happy recollection of the best of good times. It was a bold thing to write an account of such a journey, but the boldness is abundantly justified by the skill with which it is all described.

The Mystery of the Moat
By Adeline Sergeant
(Methuen and Co.: 6s.)

This is a story of the type of "Uncle Silas" and "The House on the Marsh," and, while not so intensely thrilling as the first, it is every bit as good as the second. Perhaps Mr. Lancaster, the villain of the piece, is a little too obvious in his villainy, but the way in which his dark schemes are foiled by the heroine leaves nothing to be desired. It is a story to lay down with reluctance and to return to with eagerness until the last page is reached. In fact, while conceived on lines by no means original, it is written in just such a way as such stories ought to be written, with enough cleverness in character drawing to give it reality, and more than enough ingenuity of plot to give it distinction.

Aubrey Ellison
By St. John Lucas
(Brown, Langham and Co., Ltd.: 6s.)

Here is a novel such as was more common some ten or fifteen years ago, when the decadents were enjoying a brief spell of popularity, than it is to-day. It tells the tale of a beautiful young man, with a beautiful soul, who is gradually lured to destruction by a will stronger than his own. It is rather more healthy in tone than a certain other novel of that time, whose central idea the author has appropriated; but, on the other hand, the idea is not carried out with the same compelling power, nor does it possess quite the same compelling charm. Yet in places it is amazingly well written, and the climax contains a gruesome surprise most effectively handled. The book will not do anybody much harm, and it is quite worth reading.

Books to Appear Shortly

Head hunting is usually associated with cannibalistic practices—and occasionally with the so-called science of phrenology—but it has another meaning for Mr. D. Randall-Maciver, Laycock Student of Egyptology at Worcester College, Oxford. Mr. Randall-Maciver has been making a detailed examination of over 1,500 skulls of the Ancient Egyptians, and the result is a study of the inhabitants of Upper Egypt, which takes one back to the earliest prehistoric times and then onwards to the Mohammedan conquest. Some of the conclusions arrived at—including the possible association of certain of the crania with a pigmy race—are likely to prove of considerable scientific value. The book has been written in collaboration with Professor Arthur Thomson, of Oxford University, and is being published by the Oxford Press under the title of *The Ancient Races of the Thebaid.*

It is more than two and a half centuries since René Descartes, the father of modern philosophers, died — a martyr to the enthusiasm of Queen Christina of Sweden, who compelled him to wait upon her at five every morning for an hour's philosophical instruction—and we are still without an adequate account of his life and personality. Much new light has, however, been thrown on his career by the fine edition of his correspondence recently published in Paris, and this has been made use of in an illustrated book on his life and times by Miss Elizabeth Haldane, a sister of Mr. Haldane, M.P., which Mr. Murray is to publish. Descartes' life was a curiously varied one. His first step on leaving the Jesuit College at La Flèche—as he tells us in his treatise on Method—was to abandon books, and, as far as possible, to start life afresh with a mind from which all so-called knowledge had been effaced. His new doctrines dawned upon him while soldiering during the Thirty Years' War, and he left the Army to develop his ideas in retirement. Then came his visits to the various Courts of Europe, his friendship and intimate correspondence with Elizabeth of Palatine, the niece of Charles I. of England, and his fatal intercourse with Queen Christina at Stockholm, when the hardships of the northern winter, made unnecessarily severe by the exposure involved in waiting upon the Queen at five every morning, were more than his constitution could stand.

An excellent biography, by the way, might be written of the Queen herself, for she was a remarkable woman in many ways—as handsome as she was clever, and so eccentric that when crowned in 1650 she insisted upon taking the title of "King." She made an excellent monarch for four years, and then abdicated, afterwards embracing the Roman Catholic faith and entering Rome on horseback, in the costume of an Amazon, with splendid pomp. Later, she aspired to the crown of Poland, but the Poles would have nothing to do with her. No detailed account of her romantic career seems to have been written in English since Mr. Bain's biography appeared fifteen years ago; perhaps some enterprising publisher will take the hint.

Very different is the case with the present German Emperor, whose private life and personality have been written up—or down, according to the writer's point of view—by at least two biographers within the last few months. Yet another book, *The Kaiser as He Is; or, The Real William II.*, is shortly to come from Messrs. Putnam, the biographer in this case being a Frenchman, Henri De Nousanne, who is filled with evil foreboding for the peace of Europe on account of "*Le Véritable Guillaume II.*," as he calls his book in its original form. This is the author's conclusion: "No sovereign ever did more harm to his monarchy or more completely betrayed the hopes of his people; no monarch was ever a greater meddler in international affairs; no ruler ever handled grave questions with greater carelessness, or with more profound ignorance of the possible calamitous results; and no public man has seemed so magnetic and fascinating while he held the stage."

Mr. G. H. Perris, the Secretary of the Cobden Club, has just written a book entitled *Russia on the Eve of Revolution*, which Messrs. Chapman and Hall hope to publish early next month. Mr. Perris writes from close personal observation of the undercurrents of all classes of life in Russia, and lets the reader into many suppressed stories of tyranny and oppression. While in Russia he saw Tolstoy, and the story of his interview will be one of the features of his book.

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

War Books

I am told that books about the Russo-Japanese war have not been remarkably successful from the publishers' point of view. Something like a dozen of them have already appeared, but in no case has there been a success remotely comparable with that achieved by several books on the retaking of Khartoum and on the South African War. At least another half-dozen works dealing with different phases of the struggle in the Far East are announced, but I am now very dubious of their reception, for note how all interest in the war was immediately quenched by the events in St. Petersburg. I was interested to observe that my morning paper, which has kept up a steady daily supply of about two columns of war news—and duller reading it would be difficult to find—allowed nearly a week to pass during the Russian crisis without a single line on the war. It is recognised in publishing circles that books which depend upon public interest in events are the most speculative to issue. A week or a fortnight may often mean all the difference between failure and success.

Books for Review

The editor of one of our daily papers told me last week of two curious cases he had just been dealing with, which illustrate the quaint ideas some people have in the matter of book-reviewing. A gentleman called upon him and stated that, some two months before, his publishers had sent two of his books for children to be reviewed, and, as no notice had been taken of them, he would like to have the volumes back. He was vastly surprised when the editor refused to comply with this request. A few days later a lady sent the editor a copy of a half-guinea book, which she had written, suggesting that he might kindly notice the work, and return it to her after he had read it! For the cool audacity of ignorance, these two cases would be hard to beat. Books are sent to editors in the hope that, if they are considered of sufficient general interest, they will be reviewed, but there is no obligation whatever to review every book received — an unthinkable proposition—and all review copies are the property of the paper to which they are sent, though, in most cases, reviewers are allowed to retain the works they notice. Reviewers generally sell these books to second-hand dealers, as library space is precious, and not one in twenty of the books he has to write about is worth retaining on the reviewer's shelves.

Mr. E. Temple Thurston
Author of "The Apple of Eden"
From a pencil drawing by himself

Is the Novel Declining?

The fact that statistics show a falling-off to the extent of nearly two hundred in the number of novels issued last year, as compared with 1903, has led the writer of the excellent "Literary Notes" in the *Standard* to moralise on the decline of the novel. For my part, had there been a decline of five hundred in the annual output of novels, I should not have allowed that to awaken in my mind any thoughts of the passing of the novel. But it would require much more space than I have at my disposal to submit my reasons for refusing to join in the belief that the novel, as a great literary form, has passed its zenith. Assuredly, of all arguments, none could be more futile than the statistical. Remember that, in the official returns, three hundred pages of sentimental rubbish, written by a schoolgirl and published at the expense of an indulgent parent — a book of which, perhaps, not a single copy will be sold in the ordinary way —stands equal with such a masterly work as "The Garden of Allah." At no time in the history of the novel—which, by the way, does not cover two hundred years—has its ascendancy been greater than it is to-day; and simply because it is in many ways an ideal recreation is it assured of long life. Mrs. Thurston has some very pertinent remarks on this point in a current monthly. She argues ingeniously that while fiction is designed for idle hours, it is precisely in these hours that people are most easily reached and influenced, so that thoughtful writers will more and more make use of the novel as the medium of their appeal. "The novel," she says, "does indisputably fill a niche in the existing order of things, its position is a question of demand and supply, and unless we witness a very rigorous change in the mode of actual existence, it will continue to be a necessity."

Exactly; the hundreds of unwanted novels printed at their authors' expense, and the hundreds that have not justified their printing, during recent years, have not been a necessity, and it is in these classes I believe the decline has (happily) set in.

Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston

Accustomed as we have grown of late years to the extraordinary successes of new writers, there is, about the success of Mrs. Thurston, certain features of an unusual kind. Everybody has been talking of "John Chilcote, M.P.," for the last two or three months, and in this novel Mrs. Thurston has elaborated an idea which is as likely to take its place among literary traditions as Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" has done, although the mere conception of two men so alike in form, features, and in voice, as to pass for one another, is by no means new to romance, however rare or incredible it may be to science. But the instantaneous triumph of this remarkable novel is the more worthy of note because it is the second of Mrs. Thurston's books, and seldom indeed does an author, who has made so remarkable a hit as she did two years ago with her first novel, "The Circle," score so heavily with its follower. Mrs. Thurston will, I fear, be the innocent cause of many an untried pen being turned upon a new novel, for her career is just of the character which inspires the novice, inflames the seeker after wealth and fame. Born in the South of Ireland, never as a girl or a young woman does she appear to have had any impulse to authorship, and not until five years ago, at her husband's suggestion, did she try her hand at writing a story. She experimented for a year or so before concluding a story that satisfied her, and, fortunately, it satisfied the late Clement Scott also, as he published it in the *Free Lance*, and every line she has since written has met with ready acceptance. In connection with the serial publication of "John Chilcote, M.P.," in America, where it has been called "The Masquerader," an interesting story is told. While it was still a long way from its conclusion the editor of the periodical in which it was appearing received the following letter:

Photo by *Biograph Studio*

Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston

Author of "John Chilcote, M.P.," "The Circle," etc.

SIR,—I am reading that most clever and wonderfully well-written novel, "The Masquerader." I have a very serious heart trouble, and may live *years* and *may* die any minute. I should deeply regret going without knowing the general end of the story. May I know it? Will be as close as the grave itself if I may. . . . I just felt that (I have had so many troubles) it would be just my *luck* to die and not to know the end.

This reader's request was granted; any editor would be willing so easily to ensure a happy end for so loyal a reader—but not for all his readers.

Mr. E. Temple Thurston

It has been suggested, I am told, that Mrs. Thurston has owed something to the literary assistance of her husband, but this is quite untrue; for, although Mr. Thurston is a journalist, he himself had not ventured into authorship until his wife's literary reputation was established, and with all respect to a very fine piece of work, I fancy that his novel, "The Apple of Eden," which Messrs. Chapman and Hall published last month, would not so readily have attracted attention but for the vogue which Mrs. Thurston is enjoying. Yet, this first novel of Mr. Thurston's is written with admirable restraint, grasp of character, and obvious command of the story-teller's art. Although Mr. Thurston has been in no sense a collaborator with his wife, he has dramatised "John Chilcote, M.P.," for Mr. Alexander. He is also something of an artist, the excellent portrait of him, which I am able to reproduce, being from his own pencil.

Free Fiction

The rage for cheapness seems to me to have reached, in Methuen's Shilling Novels, a point beyond which it cannot go. Except that the cloth binding is slightly inferior to that used in the best six-shilling novels, this new series of reprint copyright books is equal in size and get-up to the ordinary novel at six times the price. With a sale of a quarter of a million, there must be a decent return for author and publisher, but none of the authors whose works appear in the series is a large seller, and that means that only the public, the paper merchant, the printer, and the binder will profit by the enterprise. The next we shall hear is that some very enterprising publisher has gone one better, and is giving his books away for nothing. Then another will come along and give prizes to those who read his free fiction! I cannot but think this keen competition is somewhat demoralising, and authors would do well to take a leaf out of Ruskin by insisting on their books being vended at a price which will make labour profitable.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

THE LONDON PRESS GOLFING SOCIETY

While in the golfing world the question of St. Andrews or an Association is being discussed with renewed zest, each day brings us a new minor association. Now it is the lawyers, now the soldiers, now some other section of the community, forming its members into a brotherhood united by the love of golf. If this steady accretion of forces goes on in golf, I can see a day dawning when this vast network of clubs, associations, and societies will become a great and potent factor in the United Kingdom. Just as labour is now beginning to assert its power in the political world by means of its innumerable unions, so I can imagine that some day golfers, all over the country, might unite on some particular question, and present a force of opinion that would have seriously to be reckoned with. So far, however, there appears no likelihood of any such unity among golfers.

A Nightmare of Golf and Politics

The discussions that rage around small points of the rules, show that divisions of opinion are very keen among us, and I can well fancy some successor of the present Prime Minister reducing the ranks of golfers to impotent schism by holding out to one section hopes of the abolition of the stymie in return for political support. I must not pursue these vain imaginings any farther. The possibility of the mixture of golf with politics is too horrible to contemplate, and, happily, so far, when we meet on the green, whether we be Tariff Reformers or Cobdenites, we know no shades of difference on the sacred links, and our sole purpose is, not to confound our adversary by some irrefutable statistic (if there be such a genus of statistic), but to coax our ball into the hole in fewer strokes than his. Long may this fusing genius of golf go on, which brings all sections into one common arena with no distinction of caste, and which permits peer, commoner, and artisan, to meet on terms of absolute equality, except in so far as their powers at the game may vary.

Photo by Baker and Dixon

Dr. Macnamara, M.P.

Who was defeated in the final of the London Press Golfing Society's first tournament by Mr. Emsley Carr

Founders of the Press Golfing Society

As a member of the latest profession whose members have banded themselves together for golfing purposes, I have, naturally, great pride and pleasure in mentioning the London pressmen. The title of the new brotherhood is "The London Press Golfing Society." I do not think I shall be far wrong if I attribute a goodly share in the formation of the Society to a late editor of *Golf*, Mr. A. J. Robertson, and to the present editor of *Golf Illustrated*, Mr. Garden G. Smith. Both these gentlemen are no less adept with their clubs than their pens, and both have ever striven with all the powers at their command to serve the best interests of golf. I welcome most heartily this latest result of their loving labours, and I feel sure that, in founding this Society, they have done admirable work, both for golf and the Press of London. Pressmen do not let the grass grow under their feet, and we need not be surprised, therefore, that the new Society marked its birth, if I may be allowed such a phrase, by inaugurating a tournament for its members.

The First Tournament

Now I heard it gravely argued the other day by an excellent golfer, and a barrister to boot, that golf is a game that should not be written about at all, and that all would go well with the game if the many nimble pens that now shed ink on golf topics could be diverted to some other uses. I fear that I was not sufficiently unprejudiced to enter into this argument. I felt as though I ought to be sitting on the stool of repentance, when I thought of the many columns of offence that I had perpetrated against this sweeping dictum. Possibly my interlocutor was administering a veiled reproof to me for the many hours of boredom that I had inflicted on him. But I fear that my learned friend will find that the game will not only continue to be talked about, but also written about, with unabated vigour. For here we have a community of pressmen united for purposes of golf, and that is not likely to be conducive to a Press silence about the game. The Society's tournament has just been concluded, the final being fought out with great determination by Mr. Emsley Carr and Dr. Macnamara, M.P. Their first meeting, at Mitcham, resulted in a halved match, the doctor being in receipt of seven strokes, and snatching his half by extremely plucky play at the last few holes. A wonderful stymie saved him at the very last hole. The match thus had to be replayed, this time on the Mid-Surrey links, when, after a ding-dong struggle, Mr. Carr succeeded in immortalising himself as the winner of the London Press Golfing Society's first tournament. Dr. Macnamara evidently plays the game with the same thorough determination that distinguishes him in the political and educational field

Ernest Lehmann

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Edited by the Hon. L. J. BATHURST

Some Notable Changes

The unanimous election of Captain F. Forester to the Mastership of the Quorn Hunt is most satisfactory. With no section existing to whom a rival candidate seemed preferable, Captain Burns-Hartopp's successor starts in his new rôle under favourable conditions, while it is also pleasant to find a gentleman once more undertaking duties which he discharged for some few years with most promising ability, only to relinquish them, as it was then feared, for an indefinite period. The Croome Hunt must be congratulated on having induced Mr. G. Dudley Smith to reconsider his decision to resign. When a country is in thoroughly good heart, it seems a thousand pities that any change should be made, and though, in the case of the Croome, there would have been no difficulty in finding a worthy successor, the good news that Mr. Smith had relented was received with the utmost satisfaction. Captain Whitaker's retirement from the control of the Albrighton came somewhat as a surprise; a Shropshire man, very popular, and admirably adapted for the post, he had raised hopes of a long connection with the country. The Albrighton, however, is pretty sure not to go begging. Less satisfactory is the plight of the North Herefordshire, where changes have been frequent of late years; still there seems to be no lack of adequate funds, so that a new candidate should be able to hunt the country three days a week if so disposed. Three seasons only have passed since Mr. Hubert Wilson migrated from the Ledbury to North Cheshire, but it appears that he wishes to resign. Needless to say, every effort will be made to retain so popular a sportsman, and it is earnestly hoped that he will accede to the request, for Cheshire, though charming, is not everyone's country. Another pack in search of a Master, is the West Kent Harriers, which Mr. Cecil Berens is giving up.

Captain J. Burns-Hartopp, retiring Master of the Quorn

The Essex Union

The Essex Union is one of the few Hunts within easy reach of London that have really gone ahead in recent years, the present Master, Mr. E. T. Mashiter, having qualified for the position which he fills so ably by many years of zealous service as honorary secretary, and, consequently, being thoroughly acquainted with the country and its requirements. Perhaps the best fillip the Essex Union Hunt could have had was the advent of Arthur Thatcher, whom Mr. Mashiter engaged as huntsman when he came into

Photo exclusive to At a meet of the Essex Union: Mr. Helsham-Jones and Miss Helsham-Jones [*The Bystander*

Photo exclusive to *The Bystander*

THE ESSEX UNION PACK ON THE WAY TO THE MEET AT LAINDON HILLS

Four days a week are the rule with the Essex Union, which is a great favourite with London men as the fixtures are made so easily accessible by the Great Eastern Railway

Mr. E. T. Mashiter, the Master of the Essex Union

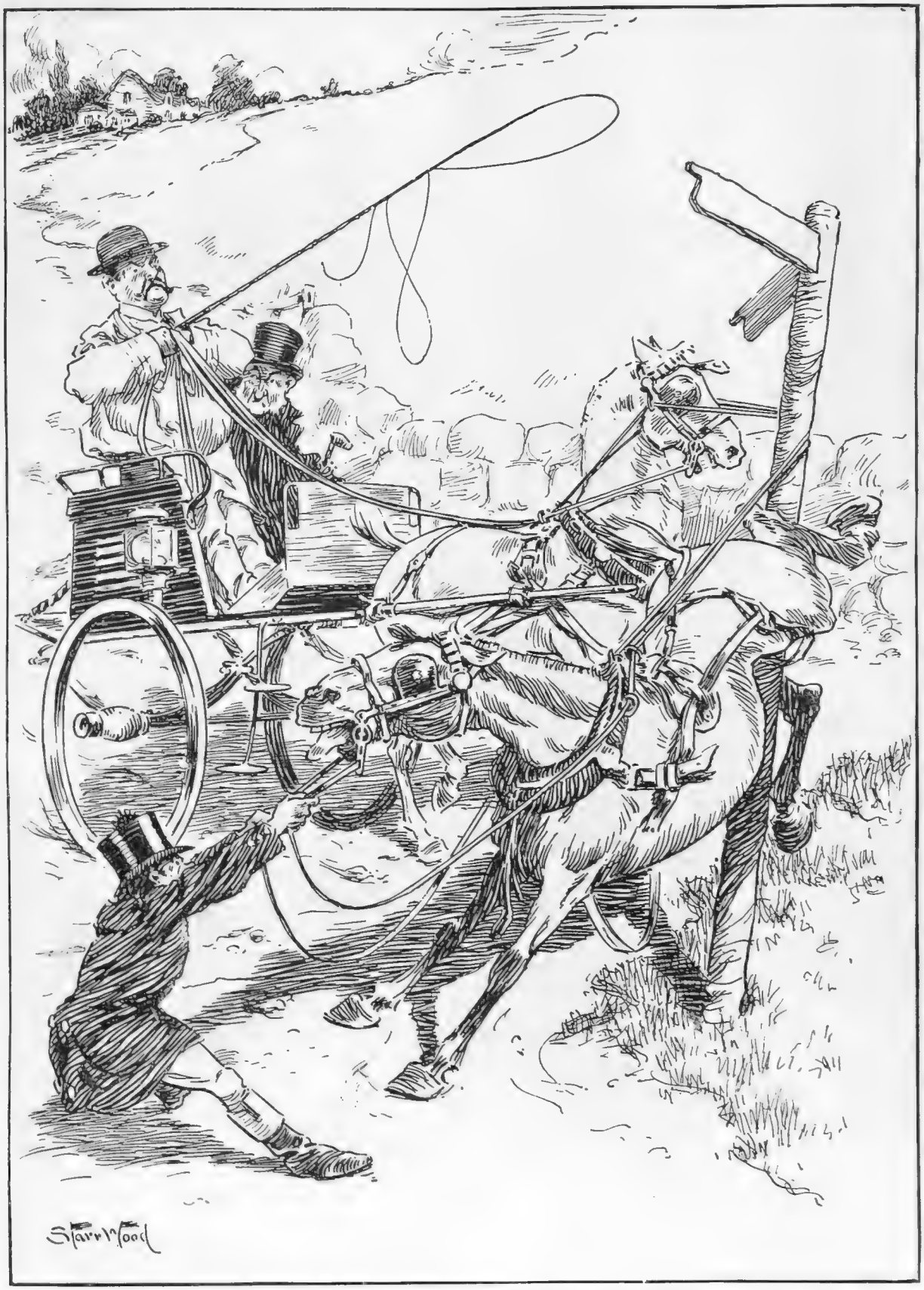
office in 1898. Perhaps it was too much to expect a young man and brilliant rider to stay for long in a region of cold plough and sticky woodlands, and, as everyone knows, Thatcher was soon to be promoted to the Cottesmore. Still, during his brief stay in Essex, his brilliant methods did much to revive sport, and if the Hunt may be condoled with on losing him, the loss has been materially compensated by the success of G. Tongue, who followed him in 1900. Another circumstance that has improved the country is the increase of grass land that has come with agricultural depression. There are some fairly large woodlands in the Essex Union country, well stocked with good, strong foxes, and though, a few years ago, there was a certain amount of mange, the country is certainly happier in this respect than its neighbours. At the same time, as a riding country, with the Dengie Hundred, perhaps, excepted, the "Union" is not to be compared with the Essex, to the followers of which falls the enviable lot of negotiating the Roothings and their ditches once or twice a week.

Historical

The Hunt is by no means ancient; indeed, in its present form, the country has only existed since 1854, when Mr. Scratton first began to hunt it, though six years earlier he had kept a pack near Southend. Mr. Offin succeeded Mr. Scratton in 1869, and, in 1875, was followed by Mr. W. H. White. The latter gentleman was, at that time, Master of the East Essex, but for one season he managed both countries with a fair measure of success. The next Master was Captain P. A. W. Carnegy, who came down from distant Forfarshire with a great reputation as a sportsman, nor was he slow to demonstrate that he deserved it. For eleven seasons Captain Carnegy hunted the hounds, with the best results, and though he has now been out of harness for fourteen years, he is still looked up to as one of the best judges of a foxhound in the kingdom. Commander Kemble, R.N., whose father, a veteran sportsman, only died lately, was Master from 1891 to 1894; and then came Mr. T. Ashton, who had just retired from the North Warwickshire. Essex, however, was not altogether to Mr. Ashton's taste, and, at the end of his first season, he made way for Colonel Hornby, late of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, whose period of three years was marked by a great amount of sport, in spite of foxes being none too plentiful. The kennels are at Billericay, approximately the centre of the Hunt, and four days a week are the rule, the Saturdays being much affected by London men, for nearly all the fixtures are easily reached from stations on the Great Eastern Railway.

Photos exclusive to *The Bystander*

In the Field with the Essex Union: A meet at Laindon Hills—waiting at the bottom of Coomb covert



Anxious Friend *(soliloquising)*: How anyone can want a motor, when he can get excitement like this, is more than I can imagine!

COUNTY LACROSSE

LANCASHIRE'S VICTORY OVER MIDDLESEX BY SIXTEEN GOALS TO THREE

Exactly why the north of England is so much more skilful than the south in playing lacrosse is a matter which is not easily explained. Perhaps the fact that the game is practised more extensively in the schools around Manchester than in any other part of the country accounts for much. Lacrosse is essentially a sport for young men; and, to excel at it, one must take it up in boyhood. Ley's School, Cambridge, and St. Dunstan's College, Catford, turn out many fine players; but Leysians, after their schooldays, are a scattered force, some, perhaps, helping to strengthen the north, and others departing to districts where lacrosse is not played, while, almost to a man, the past pupils of St. Dunstan's join the Catford Club. Consequently, southern lacrosse does not benefit, from a general point of view, quite so much as it might from the playing-fields of these two schools; and it is often noticeable that, when a northern side meets a southern side, the former has the advantage of youth. Only three times in twenty-three years has the South defeated the North in the annual "representative" fixture; only once, so far as one can remember, has a southern county defeated a northern county. That occasion was the match between Lancashire and Middlesex, at Lord's, in 1903. Lancashire scored four goals to nothing in the first fifteen minutes; then C. H. Scott, the Middlesex goalkeeper, commenced making long throws up to his attack wings and homes, and so effective did these tactics prove that the Metropolitan side ultimately won by eight goals to seven. It was, therefore, with more than ordinary interest that lacrosse players awaited the meeting of the same counties, on the same ground, on Saturday, January 28. For twenty minutes the game looked like being interesting; then Lancashire fairly got the measure of the opposing defence, and, from that point onward, it was merely a question as to how many goals they would score. Sixteen to three was the final record. Considering that the ground was almost a quagmire, Lancashire gave a wonderful exhibition of the short passing game which the Canadians taught us when they came over a season or two back. G. H. Buckland, on the attack wing, got free time after time, and the combination of H. Oldham, G. B. Leigh, and E. Walker, the three homes, was worth going a long way to see. They threw the ball from crosse to crosse with a rapidity which completely nonplussed Middlesex. H. Arundel gave a sound display at centre, and was too good for his *vis-a-vis*, J. J. Cawthra. Of the Lancashire defenders, P. J. Jefferies, at third man, was best; he did many brilliant things. Middlesex were beaten in the matter of crosse-handling; they did not take the ball half so neatly as their opponents. They tried long throwing, but without effect; they endeavoured to force an attack by running through from defence, but they were doomed to disappointment. "Let him come," said the Lancashire captain, as a Middlesex defender sprinted up the field. He came, he was robbed of the ball quite easily, and then Lancashire had a free man on attack. The best player on the Middlesex side was C. H. Scott, the goalkeeper. But for his splendid efforts, the defeat would have been far more overwhelming.

Photo special to *The Bystander*

Middlesex stop a rush

Photo special to *The Bystander*

Play round the Middlesex goal

Photo special to *The Bystander*

Snatching the ball from the mud

Ladies' Hockey

THE SOUTH DEFEAT THE NORTH AT BROMLEY BY 11 POINTS TO NIL

The North *v.* South ladies' hockey match, which took place last Wednesday at Bromley, resulted in one of the greatest victories the South have ever scored, the goals being 11—0. This match, which is usually regarded as the most important of the territorial fixtures, was undoubtedly most disappointing from the spectators point of view. The Northern Eleven was outclassed from beginning to end, and very rarely were able even to take the ball into their own twenty-five. Miss Mack, at right back, was the only one of the team who appeared to be up to form. She played a splendid game, again and again foiling the spirited attacks of the Southern forwards, all five of whom play for Surrey.

Photo exclusive to] The Southern Ladies' Hockey Team *[The Bystander*

The half line of the North team was particularly weak, but they were unfortunate in having to play two reserves, whilst the Southern Eleven numbered no fewer than nine former Internationals in their team. Miss Theed, their centre forward, was, perhaps, the most brilliant player on the field; her shooting was never at fault, and at least seven of the goals were laid to her share.

Needless to say, the pressing was entirely in the hands of the winners. The first goal was scored about five minutes after the whistle blew, and at half-time they were 5—0. In the second half they were pressing the whole time, and the North were only able to make about two futile runs down the field. Last year this match resulted in a draw (1—1), and in former years it has always been a very close fight, so that last week's game must have been very disappointing to the Northern ladies and their supporters.

Photo exclusive to The Northern Ladies' Hockey Team *The Bystander*

The Royal Naval College at Osborne

WHERE PRINCE EDWARD AND PRINCE ALBERT OF WALES ARE EXPECTED SHORTLY TO GO TO SCHOOL.

Prince Edward

Prince Albert

Photo by *Russell*

The Royal Naval College, Osborne: The Quarter-Deck

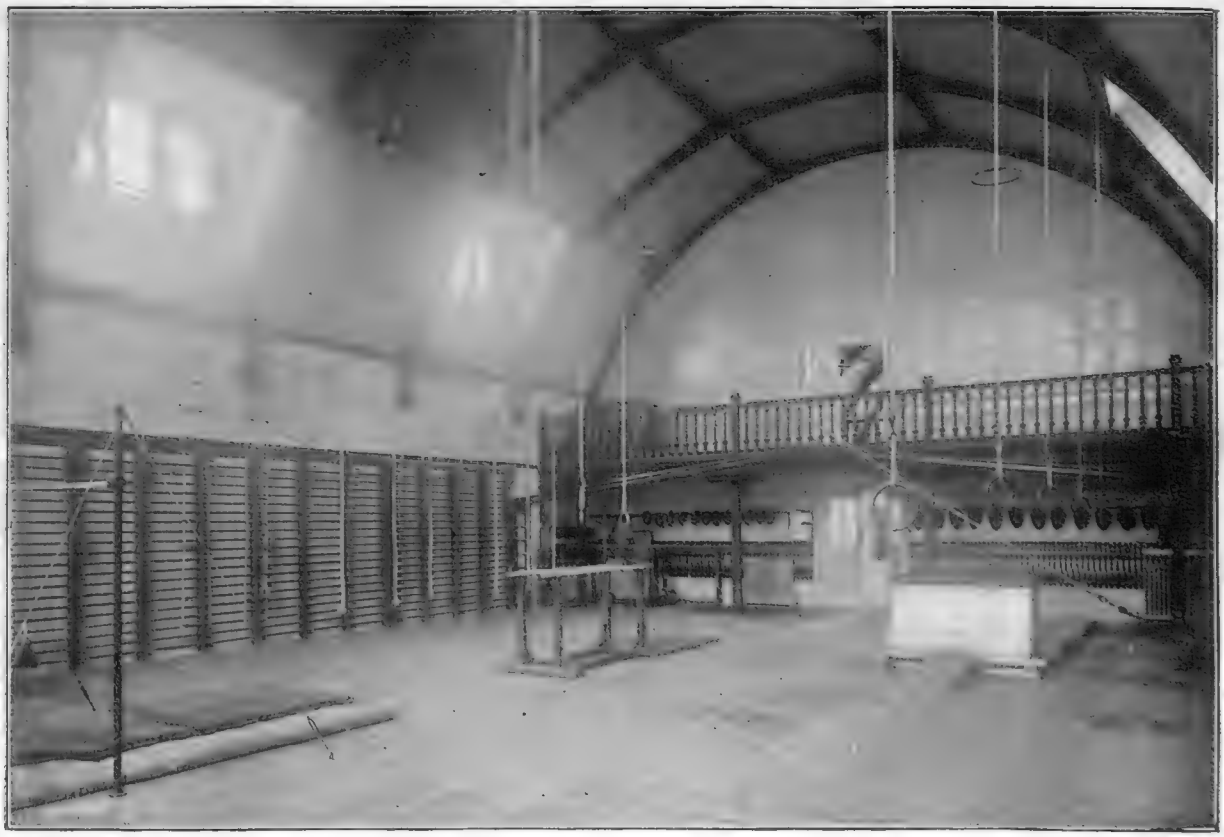
Photo by *Cribb*

Rope-splicing Drill at the New Naval College, at Osborne

Life at the Royal Naval College at Osborne

One of the Dormitories at the Royal Naval College, Osborne

Life at Osborne is pre-eminently healthy, both for mind and body. The embryo officer is turned out of bed at 6.30, and his first duty is to bathe. Unless he can swim sixty yards he is not allowed to use a boat. Cadets soon master this test



Photos by] **The Royal Naval College, Osborne : The Gymnasium** [*Russell*

Besides an elaborately fitted gymnasium for the use of the cadets, the sports at the College, which form an important part of the routine, include football, hockey, and cricket

MATTERS MUSICAL

Russian Music at Queen's Hall

It is hardly to be wondered at that Mr. Henry J. Wood should display a certain interest in things Russian, on account of his marriage with a lady of that nationality, but it is questionable whether such a heavy dose of Tschaikowsky, as we were treated to at his last concert, is not a little nauseating to the average concert-goer. He may enjoy a recital devoted entirely to works of Beethoven, Wagner, or Chopin, but the barbarian frenzy which pervades many of the Russian master's writings, and which constitutes a large proportion of their charm, is apt to pall (at any rate, on an English audience) after a time. It was, therefore, the more to be regretted that when it was found impossible for Mme. Lula Mysz-Gmeiner to appear, owing to indisposition, Beethoven was sacrificed, and another item by Tschaikowsky substituted. The scena "Ah, perfido!" would have formed just that relief that one felt to be needful to set off the other works. The brass section of the Queen's Hall Orchestra apparently stands in need of a little attention, but otherwise the performance was satisfactory, and Mrs. Wood sang with great success. Before her marriage with Mr. Wood she was the Princess Olga Ourousoff, of Podolia, a "government" on the Austrian frontier of Russia, so that she is more interested than most of us in the present Russian crisis.

Photo by *Weston*

Miss Wilhelmine Fink

A young contralto who recently made her début at the Albert Hal.

Utopia?

I read the other day, in an early issue of the *Dome*, a striking article by Mr. John F. Runciman, advocating the building at some small town out of London of a suitable theatre for producing grand opera, as it is produced at Bayreuth, and the formation, which would follow this step, of an English musical centre corresponding to the German prototype. His point seems to be that, if once the public realised that opera, suitably staged and well sung, was being provided for them *at a reasonable price*, they would come flocking to take advantage of the opportunity. The only question that arises is — where is the money to come from? And this question the writer finds it difficult to solve. Everyone will agree that such a state of affairs is devoutly to be wished for; but, in the absence of a philanthropic millionaire, it is, I fear, scarcely likely to be realised. In the meantime, one hears that the authorities at Covent Garden have arranged for the performance of two complete cycles of the "Ring" during the summer season, under the conductorship of Dr. Richter, and Mme. Suzanne Adams has again been engaged.

Organ Recitals

My remarks the other week about the scarcity of organ recitals have caught the attention of the honorary secretary of the Wandering Glee Society, who asks me to state that Mr. Walter Alcock, the conductor, has consented to play the organ at a concert given by the society at the Hampstead Conservatoire on March 7. Mr. Alcock, who is organist and composer to His Majesty's Chapels Royal, is a very fine player, and musical people who live in North-West London should seize the opportunity thus afforded them. For the unfortunate dweller in the South-East, the horrors of travelling across London in the small hours of the morning, in order to get home, are calculated to weigh heavily against the amount of pleasure to be derived from an expedition to the wilds of Hampstead. That is one reason why it would be so much better if we had occasional opportunities of hearing organ music at one of the halls in the centre of the Metropolis.

Miss Wilhelmine Fink

Miss Fink, who made her first appearance at the Sunday School concert at the Albert Hall the other day, is an excellent example of what can be done by consistent perseverance. She joined the Sunday School choir some ten years ago, and the fact that she was possessed of a very sweet contralto voice became evident. She subsequently took lessons from a private master, and her singing at her début sufficed to demonstrate that it is not necessary to go abroad to study music, for she has achieved a very pleasing style, and succeeded in making herself heard all over the vast expanse of the Hall.

H. F.

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MOTORS AT OLYMPIA

What to Look Out for

By ALFRED C. HUNTER

Pay Your Shillings

Walk up! Walk up! ladies and gentlemen. Walk up! Walk in all motorists, all non-motorists, all who love them, and all who hate them; come in your thousands, and pay your shillings at the turnstiles of Olympia, the world's biggest, brightest, and best Motor Show. Containing exhibits from all the important French manufacturers, the whole of the English trade, and representatives from Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, and America, Olympia may fairly claim to be international, to be the show of shows.

The Motor Show

This huge building, which has been the scene of many and varied exhibitions, has been completely altered and renovated to make it worthy of the demon speed. The Society of Motor Manufacturers, to whose initiative and enterprise our Salon is due, have spared no pains to make it a success. They have repaved the whole of the floor with tar and limestone, they have warmed it by steam, and have brightened the whole building with a special electric light installation, of 160,000 candle-power, by "Maples." Olympia's huge stage, its iron curtain, its accessories, and its big banks of seats, have all gone, and only the shell of the building remains. Hundreds of men have been working for months to perfect the arrangements; and bright with polish and paint, well-organised and accessible, Olympia bids fair to be, and to remain, "the" Motor Show.

A Non-Motorist's Point of View

Just after the Paris Salon, I received a letter from a gentleman suggesting that at all Motor Shows the management should provide some well-furnished rooms where visitors could rest. My correspondent spoke from bitter experience, for he was rash enough to go to the Paris Salon with a lady who is an enthusiastic motoring expert. He was taken round from stand to stand, he was asked to admire this car and that car, voluminous explanations were poured into his unwilling ears, and to crown all, his fair friend had the catalogue fever badly. She collected pamphlets, booklets, diagrams, pictures, catalogues, and price lists from every stand, and he, poor wretch, not only spent many weary hours in trudging round, but he had to carry this collection of paper, and bring it home. He came back, sick of ignition systems, cranks, gear-wheels, engines, stamped steel frames, and other apparently useless arrangements. Why not, he urged, provide in every Motor Show some place where one could sit down, where one could be sure of not seeing a single motor advertisement, of not hearing a motor horn, and not being able to look upon a chassis or a car. Every Show should, he thought, provide a home of rest, a haven of refuge, for the visitor.

Lectures for the Leg Weary

I present his idea free of charge to the authorities at Olympia; but why not go further? To be bored because one does not know, suggests that some means should be provided whereby one could know the mysteries of the four-cycle engine, and it might be that a series of lectures, illustrated by means of magic lantern pictures and diagrams, would prove to be not only instructive, but popular. The expert motorist would pass them by with scorn. The man who knows a little would probably not attend, for those who know little think they know much, but the man, the ignorant man, who candidly admits his lack of knowledge might quite feel disposed, after an hour or two of walking round the stands, to take a comfortable chair and have the mysteries of the petrol engine explained to him—while he indulged in a nap!

A 30-40 h.-p. Martini, fitted with a most luxurious body

Special *fauteuils lits* and a folding table are provided

Testing the Cars

Intending buyers of cars and those who fully intend never to buy a car (these latter visitors should, however, conceal this fact) will be able to make trial runs at the exhibition. They can go either to Wimbledon, which is reached in about five minutes (legal limit?), or to the test hill in Richmond Park in fifteen; or, if they consider their own time and the time of the firm whose car they are trying, a few minutes will take them to Notting Hill, where the car can be tried up any of the severe hills which lead up to the waterworks at Camden Hill. When chassis-weary and tired of technicalities, visitors should boldly tackle the representative of some big firm and ask him for a ride in his best and finest four-cylinder. Having secured the order, quickly reach the car in question, and, presenting the driver with the permit and a shilling or two, express a doubt as to whether it can get up the Richmond test hill. You will have a nice drive in the open air at somebody else's expense. Richmond Park is quite a good place. The car *will* climb Richmond test hill, and it will bring you back to Olympia, freshened and invigorated, to make another round of the stands.

This Bridge Table is one of the luxuries included in the fittings of the Martini car shown on the previous page

Start at the Main Entrance

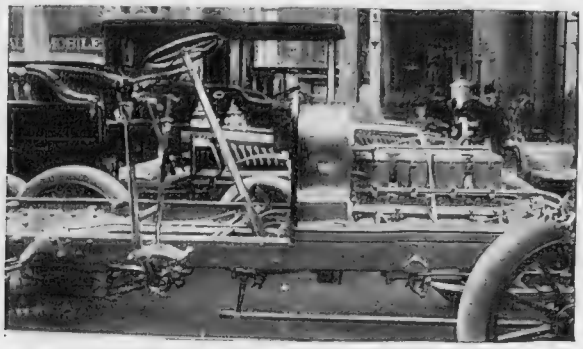
I now propose to accompany the reader round the Stands, and point out the essential features of the Exhibition. Entering Olympia from Addison Road, the first stand that meets the eye is that of De Dion-Bouton. The 6 h.-p. Popular is, of course, on view, rejoicing in a lengthened chassis and an extra speed. The 8 h.-p. and 10 h.-p. are also there, fitted with the new clutch and the new steel gear of Panhard type. The really interesting feature of this stand, however, is the new four-cylinder De Dion-Bouton motor. For the first time, this well-known firm have put upon the market a four-cylinder. Nominally a 15 h.-p., it has its cylinders cast separately, and retains the distinctive De Dion features, namely, the automatic inlet-valves and a throttle on the exhaust valves. There is a release compression starting gear, oil lubrication under constant pressure, and high-tension ignition from a single trembler, which is conjugated to a secondary current distributor.

The Daimler

Just past the De Dion stand, on the left-hand side, is the Daimler Company's exhibit on Stand No. 69. Perhaps the most striking car shown by this well-known Coventry firm is their 30-40 h.-p. 1905 type chassis. This chassis, built to meet the demand for a rather more powerful vehicle than the 28-36 h.-p. model, is provided with a four-cylinder vertical Daimler engine, developing 30 b.h.-p. at 650 revolutions, and, approximately, 48 b.h.-p. at 1,000 revolutions. The cylinder bore is 124 mm., and the piston stroke is 150 mm. The pistons are light and the fly-wheel heavy, vibration thereby being reduced to a minimum. The water is circulated by a slow running positive pump, giving a large delivery at all speeds. This, with a ventilating fan, an efficient and durable radiator, and a set of short, straight piping, forms a system which effectually prevents the engine heating,

Mr. Letts on the new 7 h.-p. type of Oldsmobile. Price, £175

This type of body has been designed by Messrs. Jarrott and Letts to suit those who prefer a French model



The new 4-cylinder 15 h.-p. De Dion
It is noteworthy that the De Dion Company still retain the automatic inlet valve

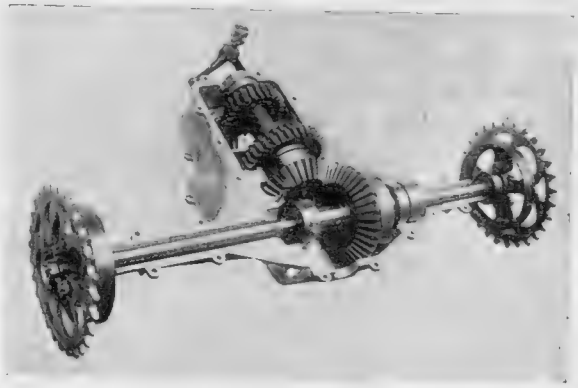
under even the worst conditions. The ignition used is the high-tension system, employing only one coil and trembler and one low-tension timing brush. The design of the commutator and high-tension distributor is simple, and provides for short connections to the sparking plugs and absolute synchronism in firing. Before leaving this stand, visitors would do well to examine a 28-36 h.-p. car, built to the order of the Right Honourable Lord Burton.

The Speedy Clement

A little further on the right, Stand 62 claims attention. Here Mr. E. H. Lancaster is showing the well-known Clement cars. There are three or four types, but perhaps the 16-20 h.-p. is best worth attention. The motor is of the vertical four-cylinder type, each cylinder cast separately, which enables the crank shaft to have five different bearings; the bore and stroke is 95 and 130 respectively, and the normal speed of the engine, 1,000 revolutions. Ignition is magneto high tension. The change-speed gear is similar to last year's, but the Mercédes type of ball-bearing is used in place of the ordinary brasses. Control is on the steering wheel, the wire cables connected with the throttle and ignition being carried through the steering column to handles forming part of steering wheel. In the 1905 Clement cars the 16-20 h.-p. and 24-30 h.-p. cars are fitted with a metallic clutch, running in an oil-bath.

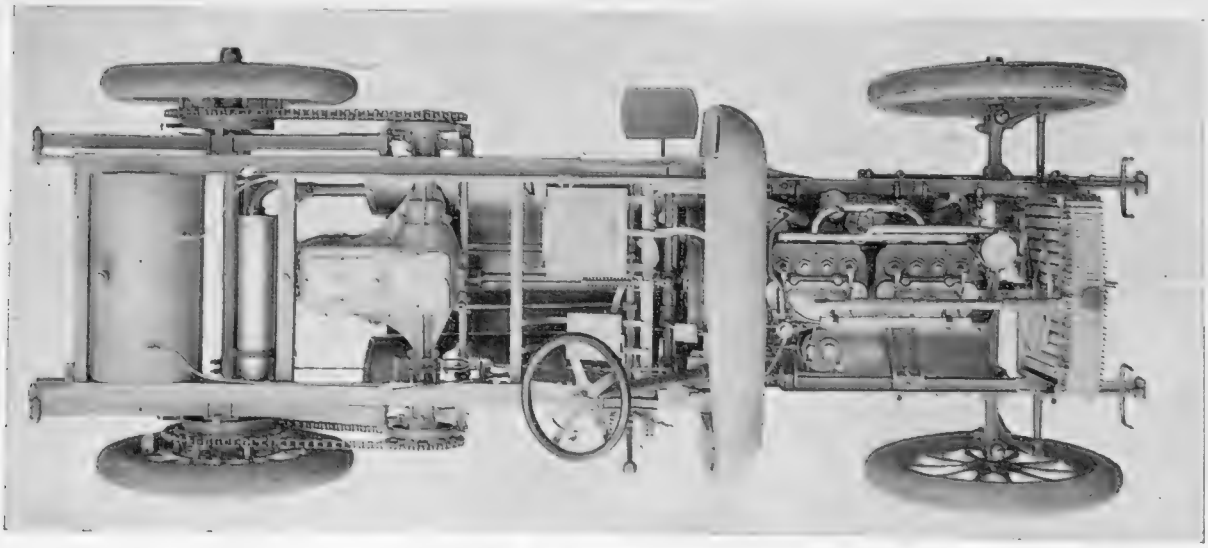
The De Dietrich

After leaving the Clement, visitors should turn to the left by the Armstrong exhibit, and pay a call at the "Dietrich" stand. This stand, conspicuous for its striking iron construction, has been brought over entire from the Paris Salon, and re-erected at Olympia. This stand itself cost over £1,000, and obtained a special prize at the Paris Exhibition. Messrs. De Dietrich have, in their design this year, made several striking alterations and a number of important modifications. The length of the wheel-base of all the cars has been increased, and all chassis are now arranged for the fitting of side-entrance carriage bodies. The appearance has been considerably changed by the adoption of a honeycomb radiator of a new and ingenious pattern. Cooling is obtained by fan, and also the fly-wheel is of fan-like design to induce increased draught. The fly-wheel is of much larger diameter, as also is the clutch. The motor itself is of



The Daimler change-speed and bevel gear
This is the latest type, and has ball-bearings, with springs between each ball

an entirely new model. The improvements in the motor tend to make it exceedingly quiet, more powerful, and lighter than the 1904 model. Among the cars in this stand is a 40 h.-p. Touring Voiture de Route with saloon (fitted up as a small flat), the body containing beds, writing-table, lounge-seats, electric light, and electric bells, with dressing-room,



The new Daimler chassis
One of the most striking improvements in the Daimler 1905 type is the fitting of ball-bearings to the gear-box

lavatory, wine-bin, and a dining service. The whole car, including body, built at the works of Messrs. De Dietrich.

The Oldsmobile from the U.S.A.

On Stand 92, opposite to the De Dietrich, is to be seen the well-known Oldsmobile, which is manufactured at the Olds Motor Works, Detroit, U.S.A. In 1904 the output from these works was over ten thousand cars. The plant and machinery at the Olds Motor Works are such that they are able to turn out cars at a reasonable price. This year they have placed the following patterns on the market: A two-seated 7 h.-p., standard pattern, at £150; a two-seated touring model, with bucket seats and French type of body, at £175; and a four-seated 9 h.-p. tonneau body car, at 200 guineas. Perhaps the most interesting of these types is the new 7 h.-p. 1905 two-seater, with a French type of body. This is a handsome little car, having bucket seats, adjustable wheel steering, "Continental" tyres, and the finish is excellent. Two stands back on the right-hand side the Crossley claims attention.

The Crossley

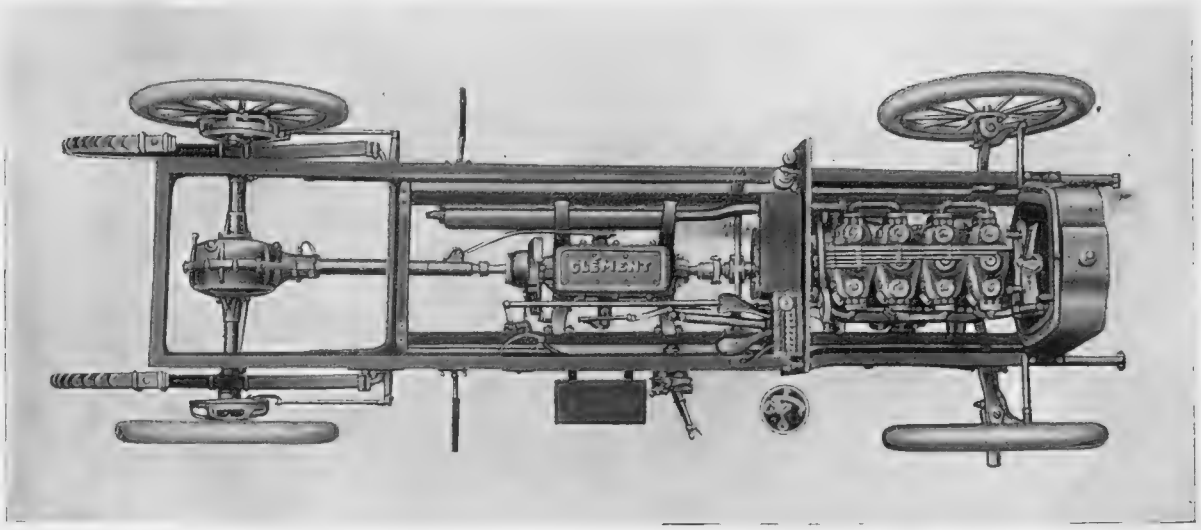
Amongst a number of Crossley cars which Messrs. Jarrott and Letts are exhibiting, is a finely finished show chassis, fitted with the patent Crossley carburettor to secure silent running, mechanically operated valves, gear-driven magneto, and a metal-to-metal clutch. A Crossley landaulette is also shown, which has been built to the order of Lady Alwyne Compton, with a carriage body constructed by Messrs. Hooper. This car, which is arranged for use in town, is a handsome vehicle, finished in dark blue, lined white, and upholstered in dark blue morocco leather. Special models and sections of the Crossley carburettor, showing automatic regulation actuated by suction from the engine, are also on the stand, and demonstrations of its working will be given every day.

The "Pipe" and "C. G. V."

Nearly opposite to Messrs. Jarrott and Letts is Stand 82, occupied by the London Motor Garage Company, Ltd., under the direction of Mr. Charles Joiner. This firm's centrally situated premises at 33-37, Wardour Street, London, W., are well known to most Metropolitan motorists. A 25 h.-p. C.G.V. chassis is one of the principal exhibits. This car, which is produced by Messrs. Charron, Girardot and Voigt, secured the gold medal at the last three Motor Salons in Paris. This fact alone shows that this car stands in the front rank of French types. A special feature on this stand is a C.G.V. engine. The metal has been partly cut away to show the movements and the functions of the motor, and there is little doubt but that both the expert and the novice will be interested to see the movements of the cranks, shafts, ignition, and mechanism. A small electric

A 40 h.-p. Dietrich Grand Pullman

The front part is fitted with four armchairs, which are so arranged that the whole thing can be converted into a comfortable sleeping saloon, with two beds. Folding tables, writing desks, a revolver case, a medicine chest, are only part of the equipment of this car, which should appeal to those who are on the look out for a cheap flat!



A 16-20 h.-p. Clement chassis

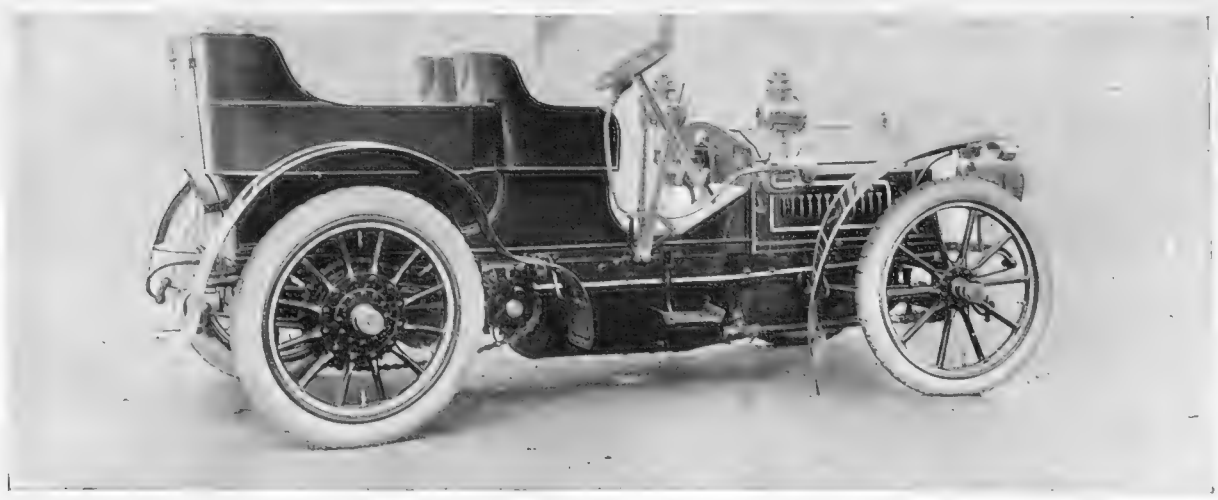
The 1903 types of the speedy Clement are to be seen on Mr. E. H. Lancaster's Stand No 62

motor supplies the power, and ten minutes spent in watching this exhibit will convey a good idea to the meanest intelligence of the working of a four-cylinder motor. There is still another good thing on this stand, namely, the Pipe chassis. This leading Belgian make, with its ingenious valve mechanism, is quite worthy of the visitor's careful attention. In general design the Pipe chassis follows the Mercédes practice. Moderation of price and reliability commend this car to the serious consideration of intending purchasers.

The Argyll

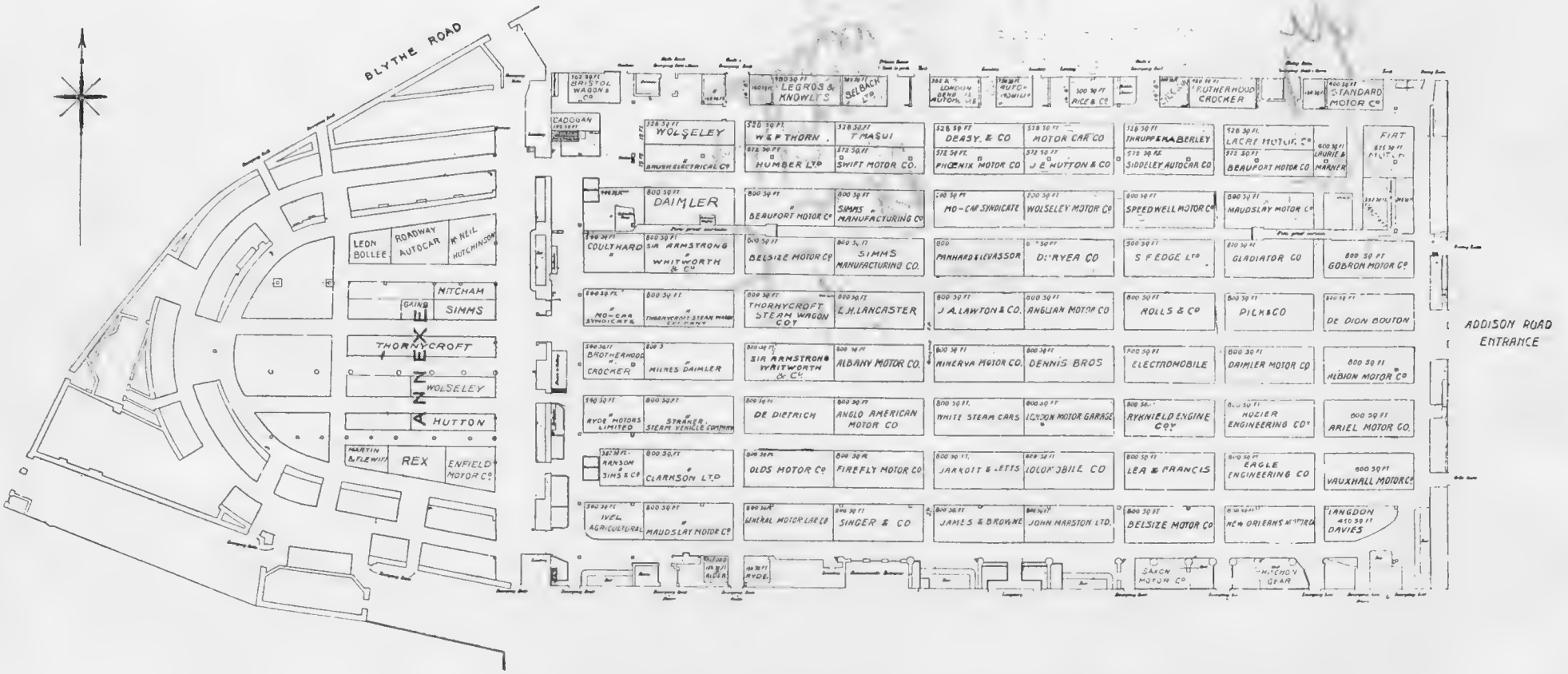
A little further up on the left is the stand of the Hozier Engineering Company. Granite pillars, set off with stags' heads and claymores, proclaim that Scotland is the home of the "Argyll." The 10-12 h.-p. car that this Company shows has a handsome side-entrance body painted and trimmed in carmine, and is priced at £380. In connection with this exhibit, it is interesting to note that the Aster firm have redesigned the engine in consultation with the Hozier Engineering Company, in order better to fit it to the requirements of the Argyll car. The cylinders are cast separately, and the inlet and exhaust valves are arranged on opposite sides. A central bearing has been introduced between the cranks, and a longer and larger bearing surface is thus provided. The thermo-syphon system of cooling has been retained, but a new form of honeycomb cooler has been adopted. A four-cylinder touring-car chassis of 20-24 h.-p., fitted with an Argyll engine, is also shown. The wheel-base of 9 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 6 in. allows of a very roomy side-entrance body being fitted. This car is priced at £700. Visitors to this stand would do well to examine the Argyll live-axle. The bevel case is built with a horizontal instead of vertical joint, permitting ready inspection without disturbance. It is hardly necessary to add that on all these cars the well-known Govan gear-box is retained.

After leaving the Hozier Company's stand, I would recommend visitors to pass up between the Daimler and the Electromobile exhibits, and to visit the famous Napiers at Stand 51.



The silent-running 22-28 h.-p. Crossley

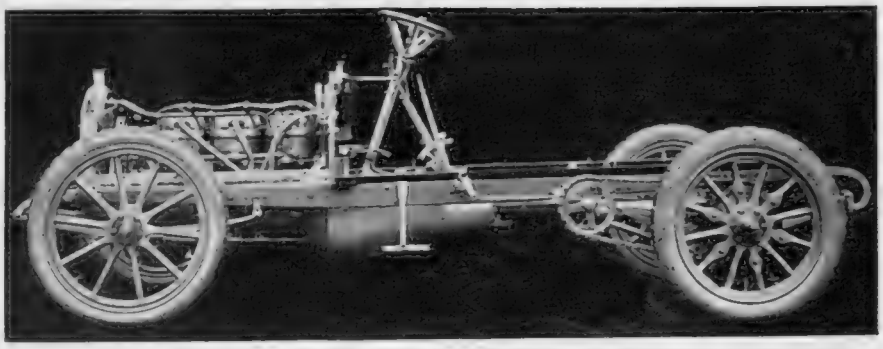
With aluminium carriage body, by Messrs. Mulliner and Company, of Northampton (Stand 91)



THE GROUND PLAN OF THE AUTOMOBILE EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA—FEBRUARY 10 to 18, 1905

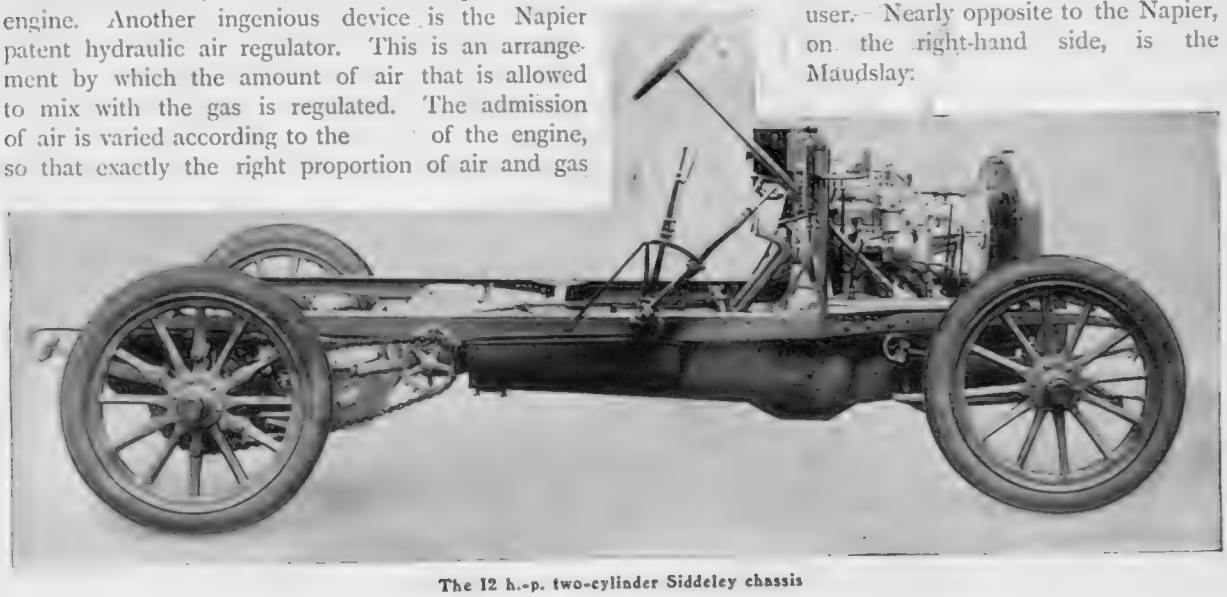
The Napier

The exhibit by Messrs. S. F. Edge, Limited, consists of four complete Napier cars and two chassis, each a fine specimen of its particular type, exemplifying the most recent Napier practice. Broadly speaking, there are four distinct types of engines: a large four-cylinder, 40 h.-p., a 30 h.-p. six-cylinder, a 24 h.-p. four-cylinder, and an 18 h.-p. four-cylinder. Among the leading features of the exhibit is the Napier patent synchronised ignition, which is now, after an extended trial during the past twelve months, fitted to all Napier cars. The current is conveyed by a high-tension distributor to each cylinder in its turn, and is fired at exactly the correct instant, no matter what the speed of the engine. Another ingenious device is the Napier patent hydraulic air regulator. This is an arrangement by which the amount of air that is allowed to mix with the gas is regulated. The admission of air is varied according to the of the engine, so that exactly the right proportion of air and gas is drawn into the engine, at whatever speed it may be running. Another point is the clutch, which, in the six-cylinder 30 h.-p. and in the new 40 h.-p., is of metal throughout, with automatic lubrication. It is interesting to observe that this year a speciality of the firm is a 40 h.-p. chainless car, with bevel drive. Mr. Napier is of the opinion that the live axle is undoubtedly the future method of driving, and it will be interesting to see whether a live axle will stand on a 40 h.-p. car, when it is placed in the hands of the ordinary user. Nearly opposite to the Napier, on the right-hand side, is the Maudslay.



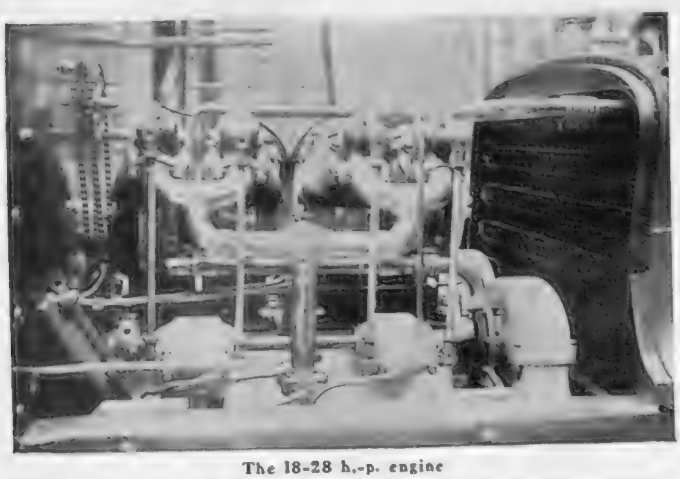
Six-cylinder Napier chassis

This well-known English car is to be seen at Stand 51



The 12 h.-p. two-cylinder Siddeley chassis

This is the type which recently completed a reliability trial of 5,000 miles



The 18-28 h.-p. engine

The arrangement of the valves is novel, and great care has been taken by the designers to ensure cool running

The Maudslay

This Coventry Company, in addition to their standard three-cylinder 1904 pattern, have produced for 1905 a 14 b.h.-p. two-cylinder car, a 30 b.h.-p. four-cylinder car, and a 40 b.h.-p. six-cylinder engine. The 14 b.h.-p. car, which has been designed for rough work, is fitted with solid tyres, and, with a top speed of eighteen miles an hour, will carry ten passengers, besides the driver. To motorists living in the country, who want a car for taking guns or loaders out to shoot, for luggage and station work, this type is worth attention. The 30 b.h.-p. four-cylinder side-entrance omnibus, too, should not be passed over by the visitors to this stand. At Stand 99 this engineering firm are showing one of the public service omnibuses which they have built to the order of the Great Western Railway Company, and those who are interested in heavy traction and omnibus service would do well to inspect this, and also a five-ton

MARTINI CARS

(LICENSE ROCHET-SCHNEIDER)

TYPES FOR 1905—
16-20 H.-P.
20-24 H.-P.
30-40 H.-P.

The Best Hill-Climbers. The most Reliable, and most Free from Complications. The Best Cars.

Stand 31 OLYMPIA

Stand 31 OLYMPIA

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The 12 h.-p. SIDDELEY

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ESSENTIALLY BRITISH

5,000 miles Reliability Trial under the supervision of the Automobile Club (Great Britain and Ireland). 4,275 miles already accomplished without a single mechanical stop.

The most Notable Authenticated Performance on Record.

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THE CAR WITH THE PERFECT CONTROL.

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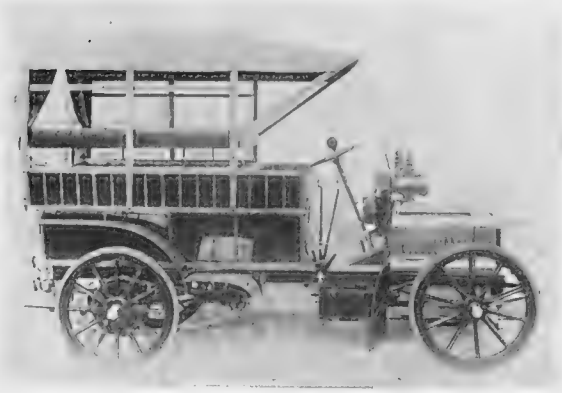
We are Exhibiting at STAND 30, OLYMPIA AUTOMOBILE EXHIBITION.



The Maudslay Brake
This car is fitted with solid tyres, and will carry eight passengers (Stand 49)

lorry which is shown on the same stand. In contrast to the general tendency amongst manufacturers to increase the weight of their chassis, it is interesting to note that the Maudslay 20 b.h.-p. chassis only weighs 17½ cwt., while the 27 b.h.-p. scales as little as 20 cwt. This seems a step in the right direction. The visitor should now cross over to Stand No. 30, and glance at the Siddeley exhibit.

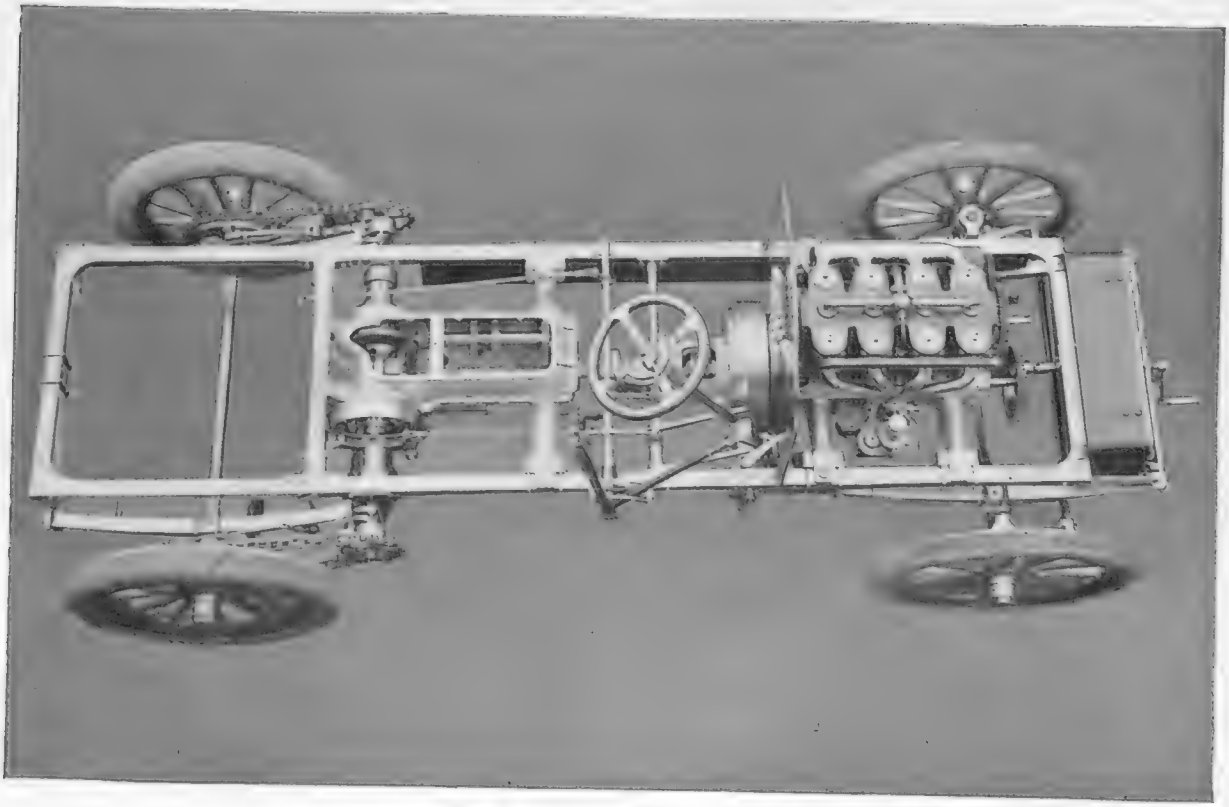
The Siddeley

On this stand is to be seen the Siddeley Racer, built to the order of Lionel de Rothschild, Esq. This car is to be driven by Mr. S. Girling in the eliminating trials for the Gordon Bennett Cup. Here, too, is the identical 12 h.-p. Siddeley car which has run through the recent 5,000 miles trial under the control of the Automobile Club, together with a 12 h.-p. car fitted with side-entrance body, an 18 h.-p. car fitted with a Limousine body, and a specimen of the 6 h.-p. Siddeley light car which obtained the Gold Medal and the highest award in the Light Car Trials held at Hereford last year. To men of moderate means, perhaps the most interesting feature of Mr. J. D. Siddeley's stand is his new 6 h.-p. Siddeley car, fitted with a vertical engine and cardan shaft drive. This car attracted much attention at the Paris Show, and I have no hesitation in saying that I regard it as one of the best light cars which England has produced. Nearly opposite to the Siddeley is the Wolseley exhibit.

A 10-12 h.-p. Argyll
To be seen on the Hozier Engineering Company's stand. Price, £380

The Wolseley

The famous Wolseley cars are now so well known that they hardly need description. A good example of their work is to be seen in their new type of 8 h.-p. two-cylinder chassis. On well-known Wolseley lines, it contains several improvements on the 1904 7 h.-p. type. The car has four speeds and a reverse, the steering gear is simplified, has more rake to the pillar, and is well protected from dust and mud. The frame is stamped steel, and a new hand throttle, in addition to the foot throttle, is now fitted. This 8 h.-p. is an undoubtedly

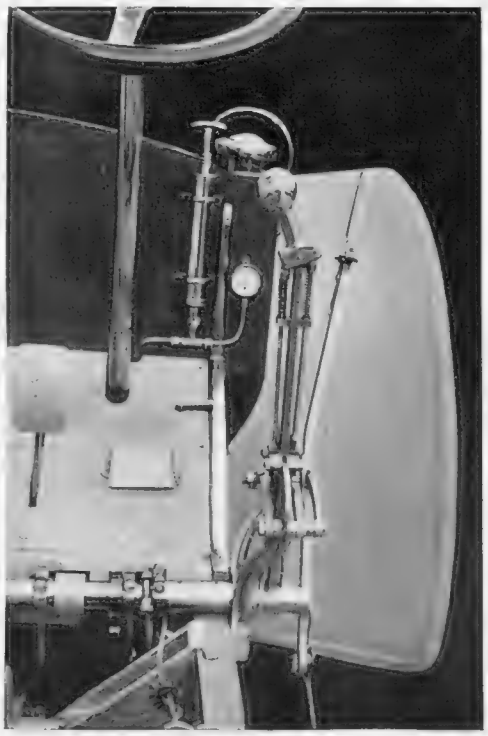


25 h.-p. C.G.V. chassis
Exhibited by the London Motor Garage Company, Limited, Stand 82.

useful type, and, fitted with a landaulette body, makes a good carriage for town work. The visitor should now turn round to the right, past the Phœnix Company's stand, and visit Captain Deasy.

The Martini

There is no doubt about the nationality of Stand 31. Decorated in red and white, the Swiss national colours, four Martini-Henry rifles suffice to tell the name. Here Messrs. H. P. Deasy and Co., Ltd., are showing the well-known Martini cars, which hail from St. Blais, Switzerland. There is a 16-20 h.-p., standard pattern, with a Thrupp body of the type which recently went through the 4,000 miles reliability trial; and there is the 20-24 h.-p. Martini landaulette, with a handsome body, also by Messrs. Thrupp and Maberley, of Oxford Street. But, perhaps, the most striking exhibit on this stand is a 30-40 h.-p. Martini, with a special landaulette body by Belvallette Frères, of Paris. This body is unique, and attracted a large amount of attention at the Paris Salon. It is very handsomely fitted and extremely comfortable, but I regret to say that the designers have been weak enough to bow to the prevailing craze, and have actually fitted a special table to enable the occupants to play bridge. Don't leave this stand without closely examining the firm's new 20-24 h.-p. chassis, priced at £640. On the opposite stand, the visitor will find the well-known Germain cars.

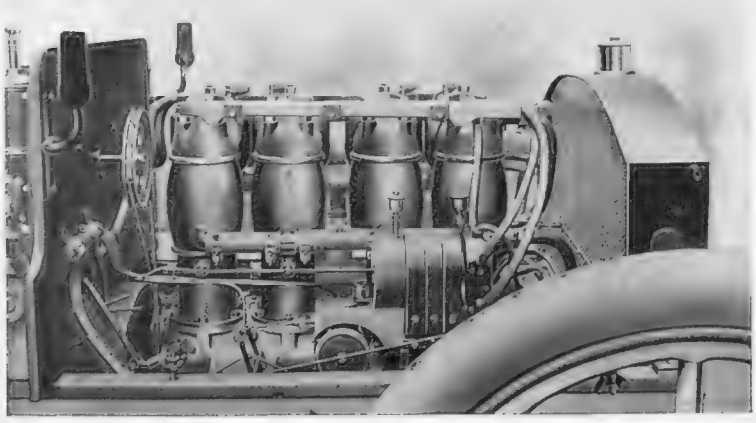


The Brotherhood-Crocker: A new British car

This illustration shows a novel type of change-speed lever and accelerator

The Germain

The 1905 Germain car, which is exhibited by Capt. Theo Masui, has departed little from its well-made predecessors; but the chassis, with its cross members and underframe stamped from one sheet of steel, is worth attention. The chassis is long, hung very low, and is mounted on wheels of equal size. The engine, with four steel cylinders and brass jackets, is neat, with a minimum of pipes, springs, and other apparent mechanism. The ignition apparatus, both for high tension and magneto, is on the right side, and the carburettor, and the valves (the inlet and the exhaust being side by side), on the left of the engine. The gear-box, clutch, chains, sprockets, levers, pedals, etc., are of simple and strong design, and are all perfectly accessible.



The engine of the Germain car

Thrupp and Maberley

By this time the visitor must be getting hungry, if not thirsty, and would probably like to pay a visit to Messrs. Lyons and Company's exhibit. On the way he will pass Messrs. Thrupp and Maberley, the well-known coach-builders, at Stand 25. Their exhibit is a comprehensive one, and includes a single landaulette de luxe, mounted on a 14 h.-p. 1905 Renault chassis, trimmed drab, painted blue, fine-lined yellow, and built to the order of W. G. Raphael, Esq. A tonneau Limousine, mounted on a 10 h.-p. Renault chassis, constructed in wood and aluminium, with a detachable top, built to the order of T. McKenna, Esq. Also a Roi-des-Belges body, constructed in aluminium, trimmed ribbed cloth, and painted blue, built to the order of Messrs. Brotherhood-Crocker, Ltd.

Panhard

After a minute inspection of Messrs. Lyons' exhibit, may I suggest a visit to the Panhard Stand. An interesting exhibit is the new 8 h.-p. type. The engine is of the balanced three-cylinder type, the cylinders being independently mounted on the base chamber, permitting ample water jackets, and four bearings to crank shaft. The bore is 80 mm., the stroke 120 mm., and the normal speed from 800 to 900 revolutions per minute. The inlet valves are automatic, and the ignition, high

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tension magneto, with supplementary battery. This car is fitted with the new Panhard horizontal transmission gearing specially designed for this 8 h.-p. car, having four speeds and reverse, all actuated by one lever. To those who pay little heed to the police or the speed limit, the new 50 h.-p. chassis will appeal. This is a fine, powerful car, and merits attention.

Renault

In the annexe is the world-famed Renault. The 1905 models of the firm include an 8 h.-p. single-cylinder at £250, a 10 h.-p. two-cylinder at £360, a 14-20 h.-p. four-cylinder at £510, and a 20-30 h.-p. four-cylinder at £750. Except for the number of cylinders, they all have the same identical features; therefore, to describe

The latest pattern Bleriot Lamp

the 20-30 h.-p. will be to describe the rest. While the smaller four-cylinder has cylinders of 90 by 120, the larger motor is of 100 by 140. The cylinders are cast in pairs, and are cooled on the well-known Renault system of thermo-syphon, without pump; the radiators are placed in front of the dash-board, and a draught is induced through them by a fan on the fly-wheel. The ignition is by Simms-Bosch magneto, and there is no advance ignition lever at all. The inlet valves on all the 1905 types are mechanically operated with variable lift. The carburettor has two jets, is automatic in its action, and gives an absolutely correct mixture at all speeds. The clutch is leather to steel, but has an ingenious arrangement of springs which take the drive easily.

Carriage Work by Messrs. Hooper and Co.

Although Messrs. Hooper and Co., Ltd., the well-known coachbuilders of St. James's Street, are not exhibiting at a stand of their own, fine examples of their work are to be seen. On the London Motor Garage Company's stand is a handsome side-entrance Limousine, fitted to a 25 h.-p. C.G.V. chassis. On Messrs. Jarrott and Letts' stand is a single-seated landaulette body on a 22 h.-p. Crossley chassis, built to the order of Lord Alwyne Compton; while the Cannstatt Automobile Supply Association show a fine side-entrance Limousine, seating four persons inside and two on the driving seat.

The Brotherhood Car

Full of novel points is a new all-English car from the old-established engineering firm of Mr. Peter Brotherhood, Belvedere Road, Westminster Bridge, London, S.E. The Brotherhood car is entirely of British design and manufacture, and has been constructed under the personal supervision of Mr. Percy Richardson (late of the Daimler Motor Company, Ltd.). The design of the car is simple, and all parts are accessible. There is a single change speed lever, so simplified that the veriest novice can change speed properly and positively, and only one foot lever is provided for throwing out the clutch and applying the foot brake. Lubrication has been the subject of careful consideration, so much so that even the springs are provided with an oiler, which ensures a proper supply of oil between the plates. The price of the chassis, with a 20 h.-p. engine, is £675.

Cannstatt Mercédes

On Stand 90 two chassis and three complete cars are shown by Cannstatt Mercédes, Limited, the sole concessionaires for 1905 Mercédes cars for Great Britain

Gamage

A special coil shown by Messrs. Gamage on their stand in the Gallery. Fitted to a four-cylinder motor it forms a self-starter

and the Colonies. The Cannstatt Mercédes exhibit a 70 h.-p. four-cylinder latest pattern 1905 chassis. This type is made in three lengths — 2m. 20 for racing purposes, or 2m. 40 and 2m. 60 for ordinary touring purposes. The one on view is of 2m. 60 length, with exceedingly long springs. This chassis is practically the 70 h.-p. Mercédes racing car turned into an exceedingly comfortable touring car. This result has been arrived at by considerably lengthening the chassis, to allow of any type of side-entrance body to be fitted. Besides the 70 h.-p., there will also be shown three

Collier Tyre

A section of a big Collier Tyre, 36 in. by 5 in. by 5½ in. This sized tyre is fitted to the King's Daimler car

complete cars, namely, a 40 h.-p. four-cylinder, fitted with tulip-shaped body, with side entrances, to seat seven persons, painted and upholstered Mercédes red; a 28 h.-p. four-cylinder, fitted with tulip-shaped body, with side entrances, to seat seven persons; and a 40 h.-p., with side entrance, standard body, painted and upholstered Mercédes red.

The Bleriot

Mounting now to the Gallery, Stand 203 claims attention. Here Messrs. Weldhen and Bleriot have a very fine show of motor lamps and horns. Besides their now well-known Bleriot projectors, Eclaireur Elliptique head-lights, and other popular patterns, they are exhibiting a fine type of catadioptrique projectors for motor-cars, motor-boats, and yachts, as well as their new 1905 patterns of self-contained head-lights and projectors. Every visitor to the Show should go and see the working of the new auto-generator. These new Bleriot lamps act as head-lights and projectors, illuminating the road right in front of the car, and also far ahead, and making driving at night as safe as in daylight. The "combined spherique and parabolique" reflectors are made of solid rolled silver on copper, completely isolated from the flame by a patented unbreakable glass chimney, maintained in position by light springs. As this chimney carries off all the fumes, these reflectors should never require polishing. Each lamp is fitted with an improved form of filter and an expansion gas chamber. The new auto-generator which is used with these lamps is, without doubt, as good a type of acetylene gas generator as any on the market. It is *absolutely clean at all times*, perfectly safe, and can be re-charged in less than one minute without any trouble. These generators are well finished, and fitted in strong and well-made wood boxes ready to fix on the car either as a single generator, or in batteries of two, three, four, or six generators, which can be used in turn. Each set is fitted with its own filter and expansion gas-chamber, the part where the gas is generated being enclosed in a cooling jacket, a plan which insures the best and most regular light obtainable. They can be used with loose carbide, or, *preferably*, with patent cartridges.

Gamage's in the Gallery

At Stand 211, in the Gallery, Messrs. Gamage and Company, of Holborn, show a very full line of accessories — motor coats, rugs, foot muffs, horns, accumulators, coils, lamps, and tools; in fact, I should doubt whether there is any motor fitting or accessory that this firm does not supply—at prices, too, which show only a fair trading profit. Visitors should not leave this stand without inspecting their new type of coil fitted with volt-meter. On this coil there are pushes for separately testing the ignition of each cylinder; these latter act also as self-starters, causing whichever cylinder you like, to fire, so that you can ignite which-ever cylinder you happen to have a charge in. Another feature is a new dash-board volt-meter, fitted for double wiring with a switch, which is also a safety key. A new type of foot-warmer and a novel tyre detacher also claim attention.

A fine specimen of Messrs. Hooper and Company's carriage work

Collier Tyres

At Stand 170 the various types of the well-known Collier tyres are exhibited. A section of the firm's 36 in. by 5 in. by 5½ in. heavy tyre is on view. In connection with this particular tyre, it is of interest to note that a set were fitted to King Edward's 28-36 h.-p. Daimler car in April last. Up to the time of writing they have never been punctured, and, with the exception of occasional inflation, have never been touched. Remembering that this car weighs, when loaded, over two tons, this record is hard to beat.

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This is the only Exhibition recognised by the A. C. G. B. I. (Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland), and there will be a special club day, probably Thursday, 16th, with an entrance fee of *2s. 6d.*, this being the day when the Prince of Wales, patron of the Club Show, is to visit the Exhibition.

* * *

How to get there? For those—and they will be the most of Olympia's patrons—who, at present, have not a car, Olympia is best reached by the Underground, or by hansom cab, but for those fortunate possessors of a motor, there is provided by Dunhill's at the Hammersmith entrance a free garage.

* * *

Free sweets distinguish the Grocery Shows, free drinks are to be had at the Brewery Exhibitions, why not free rides at the Motor Exhibitions. Surely the public expect something for the large sum of *1s.* Each manufacturer would do well to provide several trial cars. It is a good advertisement.

* * *

When tired, try a trial car in Richmond Park. The air will do you good.

* * *

If you buy a foreign car, be sure you buy off a recognised firm who are capable and ready to supply spare parts.

* * *

Generally avoid freaks and untried makes of car. Buy from firms who have got a name. You may pay more at first, but it is cheaper in the end.

* * *

Do not buy a car because your wife finds the tonneau comfortable.

* * *

Do not buy a 6 h.-p. car and have a body capable of carrying five people fitted to it.

* * *

Do not place your order for any car without taking care that you are getting tyres of proper size. Manufacturers are now much more sensible with regard to the strength of tyres they place on the vehicle, but the point is worth remembering.

* * *

When placing your order, endeavour as far as possible to include all the extras, such as lamps, horn, mats, complete set of tools, jack, repair outfits, petrol funnel, volt meter, spare inlet valves, exhaust valves, etc., etc. You have got to have these things, and they may as well be included in your order.

* * *

Avoid the friend who can get you a discount. He is usually trying to make something himself. Deal with the firm direct, or their authorised agent in your district.

* * *

If you find yourself unable to afford a two or four-cylinder 1905 model, it is quite a good plan to ask the manufacturer whether he can supply a 1904 model at a reduced price.

* * *

If you are going to drive a car yourself, take care that there is ample leg room provided for the front seats.

* * *

There is a tendency this year to fit a side-entrance body to chassis which are barely long enough to take them. To get in this side entrance, the space for the driver is cut down too much. It is better to have the ordinary entrance and proper accommodation for the front seats, rather than a side entrance, with no space for the driver and his companion.

* * *

If buying a small car capable of carrying four people, it is quite worth while to pay a few pounds extra, and have the tonneau detachable.

* * *

Let there be no horn blowing at Olympia. It annoys everyone except the man who blows the horn. At the Birmingham Motor Show, a particularly loud horn on Messrs. Dunhill and Company's Stand was so aggressive that the band complained.

* * *

All Bridge players should visit Stand 31. Captain Deasy can sell them a car fitted with a bridge table. I have no doubt he would also give away a pack of cards to anyone buying the car.

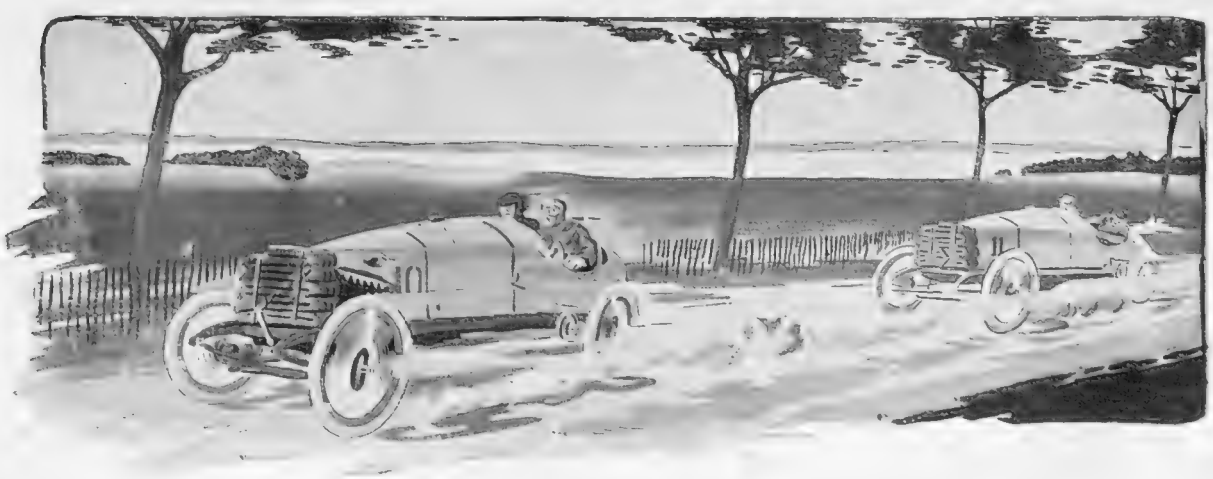
* * *

Don't miss the Napier launch Stand, made like a yacht's deck. It affords the visitor a pleasant rest when weary of motor-cars.

* * *

Don't forget that you will be properly fed at Olympia. Lyon's are looking after the catering.

ALFRED C. HUNTER.



One of the Merriest Entertainers on the Halls

Photo by *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS VESTA TILLEY IN HER GARDEN

The sprightly Miss Tilley is so often photographed in character as a boy that at first glance one does not recognise her in the garments of private life

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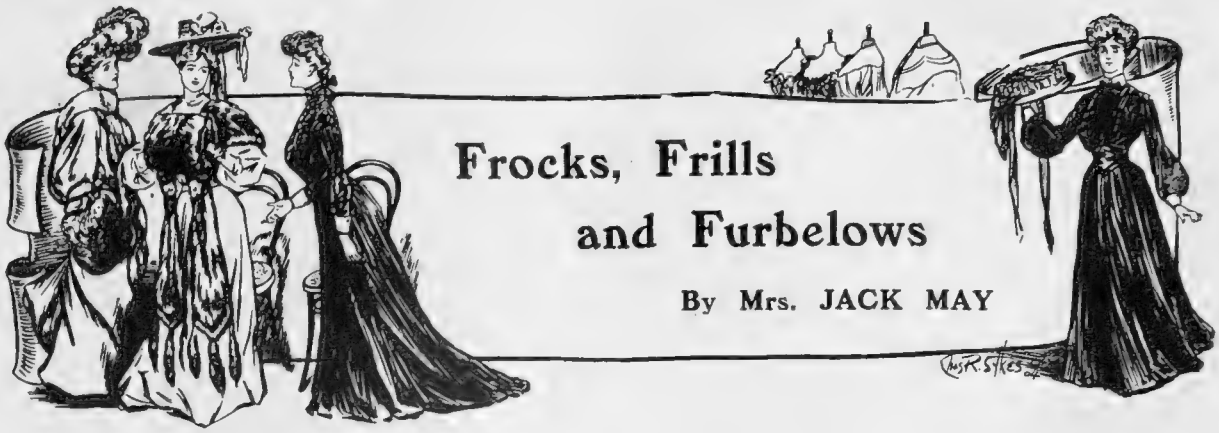

Frocks, Frills and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

I was very much amused and interested the other day, as was Ambrosine, in a discussion that occurred as to whether the women who worked at play, or those that played at work, were the happier. The controversy was carried on with delightful *esprit*, the combatants never for a moment losing the subtle satire pervading the original query, while tossing the ball of contention lightly and brilliantly the one to the other. And yet, from out all the bubble and the froth, there crept to me a real truth anent this playing at work, which has come about during the past ten years.

Primarily, the intention may be healthy enough, although I am disposed to think that more often than not it is actuated by the dread of monotony. Too little money, for example, to meet the craving for excitement is responsible for half the pretty waitresses one finds in fashionable teashops, who, for a mere pittance, and a pride above accepting tips, meander through a year or eighteen months of existence, emerging from the experience considerably poorer in pocket, though, possibly, considerably enlightened as to the correct rules of social scandal.

The Craze for Keeping Shop

Before the pluck of the woman, who, with a mere smattering of practical experience, starts a millinery establishment to-day, one stands dumbfounded. The optimism of these dear people amounts to the sublime; an optimism based, for the most part, on the accredited reports that fifty per cent. is a minimum profit to be made out of hats and bonnets.

Now this may or may not be true—though, from personal expenditure, I am disposed to think it is—but the incidental consideration that it takes buyers to make profits at all, does not seem to enter into the scheme.

The frenzy is all to have a shop, such silly little trifles as finance, the art of buying, and stock management, being all thrust gaily on one side, until the inevitable collapse arrives. After which there is much weeping and wailing, and wonderment as to the persistent bad luck, and the rude retaliation of fate on such praiseworthy efforts.

This playing at work is all too prevalent, and based, as it is, on the quicksand of inexperience, spells inevitable disaster. Real work, no matter how exciting it may appear on the surface, always resolves into a certain form of monotony in the long run, and, from observation, I am disposed to think that success comes first to those who cheerfully accept this unalterable law.

Now to point the moral of my story, and to prove, at the same time, that this apparent diversion is not so far removed, as some may have been suspecting from my legitimate text of "Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows," I would point out that there is a distinct vocation for the woman of refined taste, who has graduated in, and is in direct touch with, the higher social circles, as a buyer in large establishments.

That this would mean a probationary training goes without saying, nor would the end be play-work, but, unless I am woefully out of my reckoning, it would mean a substantial salary, and unlimited possibilities for the future, to say nothing of a considerably enhanced value to departments at present under the well-intentioned, but frequently misguided, judgment of men.

Frills, "Pur et Simple"

A detail of very pronounced flavour is the narrow *plissé* frill, of cambric, chiffon, or silk, French hemmed, lace edged, or the edge lightly whipped over. This is a decorative little fancy enough, and one that is applied impartially to bodices, blouses, and shirts.

On the soft, tucked cambric slip it is especially happy, run down at narrow intervals from neck to waist, while anon it effects the outstanding grandfatherly appearance, frequently doubled and run down one side of a line of muslin embroidery. And this frill, of incidental character, let it be speedily known, is likely to be the only one permissible on the slip of the immediate future, which every day tends to greater simplicity of cut and style. The cut, however exacted, will be of superlative correctness, and there is already every indication in favour of richer satins and silks, together with a promise of elaborately embroidered lawns and linens.

Then, in proportion, as our slips and shirts grow more modest in construction, our corsages tend to increase in elaboration. Such, at least, is the edict, though it remains to be seen how far we shall conform to models studiously wrinkled horizontally from shoulder to waist, and punctuated down the centre by a line of rosettes graduating in size. This was done in the case of a much-applauded model that was graciously exhibited to me one day last week, and in which I vainly sought to find elegance.

At the same establishment I assimilated a further order with considerable pleasure, in the return of the evening sleeve *a la Juive*, in other words, the floating angel appendage of diaphanous stuff. At a

recent representative *première* in Paris, the *Juive* was in marked recognition, and I am persuaded its early introduction here is merely a matter of weeks. It is just one of those fancies on the success of which one might cheerfully stake a whole reputation.

The very antithesis, *par exemple*, of the "Polo" chapeau, that curious little turban to which various descriptive titles have already been attached, such as pill-box, inverted *souffle* dish, fez, etc. Under its present minute condition, I see small hope for *Le Polo* on this side of the Channel. Its success is altogether too closely allied to a small piquant face and perfect hair-dressing, or, rather, to a coiffure that will submit to certain individual manipulation, so that it may be blended and become one with the toque. Nevertheless, I observe a determined effort to play with fancy-headed pins in the united decorative cause of coiffure and chapeau, and am pleased to accord it my approval.

A smart red leather Motoring Blouse
(*Sketched at Messrs. Lovegroves, Piccadilly*)

A Motoring Toque of Straw
(*Sketched at Messrs. Lovegroves, Piccadilly*)

A Month of Motor Shows

Everything has it hour, even Motor Shows. The Crystal Palace started the ball rolling on the 27th ult., and we are now all eagerly prepared for the bigger event at Olympia, wherefore, as motorists good and true, Ambrosine and I have been holding a conference on motor attire.

Of late, sincere credit has been accorded the leather blouse for motoring, such as those supplied by Messrs. Lovegroves, of Piccadilly, of which our artist has given a sketch. These have been some time making their way, but the whole practicability of the idea was bound to tell in the end. The design shown is built in dark red leather, dressed with a yoke of doeskin, dyed exactly the same tone, the whole decoratively treated with tiny *pattes* and dull gold buttons. Worn with a red mixture frieze, or one of the popular plaid, skirts, a suit fulfilling every early spring motoring requirement would be arrived at, and one, moreover, that would see its wearer through the exigencies of a smart country house luncheon.

A comfortable motoring toque, suitable to town wear, is illustrated here in straw, the idea being that a gauze veil, harmonising in colour, is attached either side by wings, or small birds, to perform the service of a hood. Or sometimes this veil is of thin silk, the manner of attaching it—in fact, the whole conception—meeting the desirable mean between sense and smartness.

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HEMSTITCHED.	
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Dark pinhead Tweed to Check Lining,
Usual price, 23/6, for 12/9

HOT-WATER BOTTLES

10 by 6	11 by 7	12 by 8	13 by 9	14 by 10
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QUARTERDECK BOOTS
Pure rubber, leather lined, with leather feet and soles
Usual price, 52/6, for 39/6

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Blue Beaver, loose Check Lining,
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AS SUPPLIED TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

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It is the ideal headgear for Motorists, combining Cap, Wrap, and Dust Hood; keeps the hair beautifully clean.

Made in any coloured leather, trimmed and lined various furs, as required, or may be had in waterproof silks, or other materials, silk quilted or plain.

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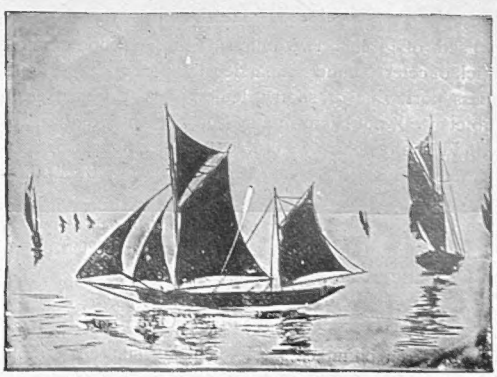

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CHELSEA, LONDON, S.W. THE LARGEST SHOWROOMS IN LONDON.

A Woman's Pocket Book

The "Clever Girl" Controversy

That ancient and exceedingly stupid controversy about the "clever girl" seems to have come to the fore again. Journalists are really getting quite excited about it, and they are so very contradictory in their statements, that the brains—of those who have such things—are distracted by the conflicting evidence. Now, this is distressing for the members of our sex, who are too busy to bother their heads as to whether they are clever or not, and is apt to make them dislike these same superior-minded girls who have brought about such discussions. One journalist thinks a good education a frightful disadvantage to a girl from a matrimonial point of view; especially if the evil of education is *known*. If this is true, men ought to be pleased to be informed that we learn, indeed, till we are eighteen, when we are called "finished" (a foolish word, but the correct one), but after that we immediately start forgetting. Can this account for the fact that women do not marry as young as they used to do? Must we really forget all our dates and laws, and higher mathematics, to say nothing of the intricacies of foreign verbs, before we are bearable to the mind of man?

Intellectual Conceit Among Girls

I can never see that dates and mathematics, and such sort of accumulated knowledge, matters one way or the other; but I wish girls would sometimes forget their accomplishments. No one, however solid their education, would wish to conjugate a verb, or worry their neighbours with a proposition of Euclid, at a dinner-party; but those dreadful, "accomplished" young women carry their attainments everywhere. They are especially trying when they consider themselves witty, taking, pleasing, or brilliant conversationalists, and they are simply unbearable if they think themselves clever. Their thoughts would not matter, since they are all delusions, and nobody is a bit impressed; only they are so boring. Perhaps this is the solution of the problem. After all, it is not so much our poor brains that matter, as the undue importance that some of us attach to them. Intellectual conceit is a horrid disease, because it is so dull. It was to these sort of girls that the Man of Wrath, in that delightful book, "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," referred when he said (and I thoroughly sympathise with him) that he hated clever girls because they were always so stupid.

Some Remarks on Flirtation

Some one wants to know in what does flirting consist? Surely it must be a man. And who can tell him? Why, of course, a woman—if she chooses. The inquirer is very perplexed upon the subject. "How is a girl," he, or she, asks, "to make herself pleasant and agreeable, yet avoid leaving herself open to the accusation of having ulterior designs? It seems to the uninitiated extremely difficult to draw the line between every-day civility and what is commonly called flirting." How, indeed, is a girl to do these things? Yet do not worry, oh perplexed writer! because I can assure you that the girl, over whom you expend this anxiety, does not fret a bit about it. The answer lies in the fact that she is *not* the uninitiated: she knows quite well where the dividing line between civility and flirtation is drawn—only she does not always care so very much about the line. And if at any time she *should* be in doubt, why she just steps boldly a little wee bit over it; for she thinks, if not the safer, at any rate it is sometimes the more entertaining side to be on.

LADY PHYLLIS.

A SEASONABLE DINNER MENU

Giblet Soup.
Red Mullets, with Tomato Sauce.
Beef Fillets. Fried Potato Chips.
Roast Plover.
Meringues.
Curry Toast.

GIBLET SOUP

Two sets of giblets, two onions, 1 lb. beef, one small carrot, one stick of celery, bunch of parsley and herbs, peppercorns, salt, one glass port wine or sherry, lemon juice, 1 oz. butter. Scald the giblets well, put them in a saucepan with two quarts of weak stock, add the beef and vegetables sliced, parsley, peppercorns, and salt, simmer gently three hours, skim well, strain into a basin, when cold remove the fat. Pound the livers in a mortar, mix this with the butter and a little flour, fry it a few minutes, and gradually mix in the stock. After it has boiled up, add the lemon juice and wine, and season to taste.

RED MULLETS, WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Well butter a china casserole dish, lay six red mullets in it, season them with pepper and salt, sprinkle them with chopped parsley, add six tablespoonfuls of tomato sauce, cover with a sheet of oiled paper, and bake half an hour. Serve in the casserole dish.

BEEF FILLETS

Take a piece of the undercut of sirloin of beef, trim off the fat neatly, cut it into slices one inch thick, sprinkle them with pepper, put them in a dish and pour over them two tablespoonfuls of the best salad oil, leave for some hours, broil over a clear fire, sprinkle with salt, and serve with a small pat of Maître d'Hôtel butter on each fillet.

ROAST PLOVER

Pluck, but do not draw, the above, truss them with the legs close to the body, and the feet pressing on the thighs. Skin the head and neck, and bring the beak round under the wing. Roast about a quarter of an hour. Put some slices of buttered toast in the dripping-pan to catch the trail; baste them well with butter. Serve the birds on toast, and pour a little brown gravy round. Send to table very hot.

CURRY TOAST

Wash and bone half a dozen anchovies, mix them with a little curry paste, a little mustard, some butter, and a few drops of chili vinegar; spread the mixture on hot, buttered toast, and put it before the fire to heat. Serve very hot.

EMILIA.

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Hint No. 24:

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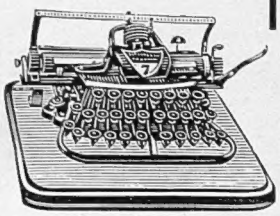

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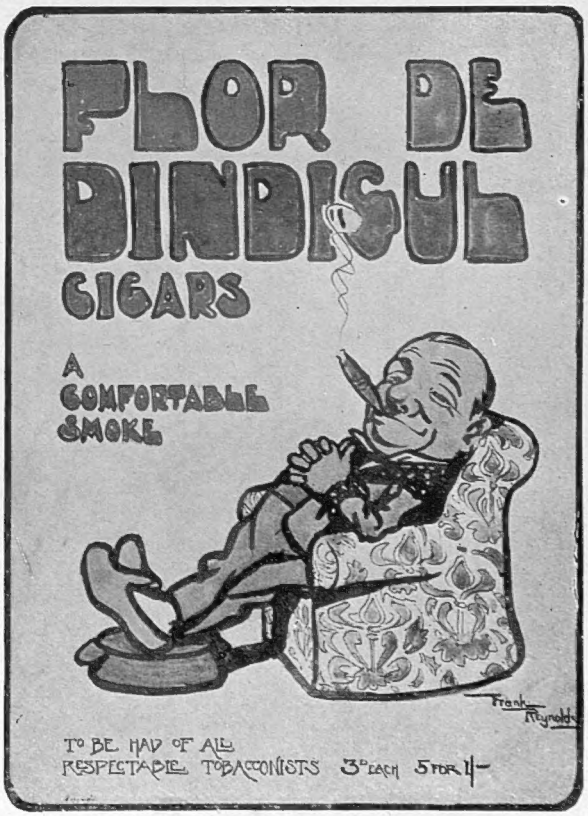

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

To Pictorial Post Card Collectors

The new sets of Pictorial Post Cards issued by the London and North Western Railway Company, and numbered from 15 to 28 inclusive, are now ready. Many of these are of exceptional interest, and the whole twenty-eight sets show practically every phase of railway working, past and present. It is satisfactory to note that the designing and printing are done in England by a new carbontype process, which gives the very best results, and the cards can be obtained at the stations, in the trains, and from all the Company's Agents, price 2*d.* per set of six cards, or post free from Mr. F. H. Dent, Broad Street Station, London, E.C.

The Scenic Artists' Association

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R.A., has kindly consented to take the chair at the Public Dinner to be held at the Imperial Restaurant, Regent Street, on Sunday evening, February 19, in aid of the Benevolent Fund of the Scenic Artists' Association. Sir Alma-Tadema will be supported by Sir Squire Bancroft, Messrs. George Alexander, Arthur Bourchier, W. L. Courtney, Gilbert Hare, Frederic Harrison, Julian Hicks, Cyril Maude, L. Nathan, L. N. Parker, and Lewis Waller. The tickets, £1 1*s.* each (including wine), may be obtained of Sir Philip Burne-Jones, Bart., the Honorary Secretary to the Dinner Benevolent Fund, at the Offices of the Association, 5, Robert Street, Adelphi, W.C.

The Hansard of Cricket

We have received from Messrs. John Wisden and Co., 21, Cranbourn Street, W.C., their "Cricketers' Almanac" for 1905. The fact that this is the forty-second appearance of this hardy old annual proves its popularity among the followers of our national sport. It contains full scores and bowling analyses of all the important matches (County, 'Varsity, Public School, Australian, South African, American, or otherwise) played in 1904. Photographs and biographies are given of the five cricketers of the year. Complete lists of averages and fixtures, articles by leading authorities on the game, and much information that is curious and not generally known, even by ardent students of cricket lore, render "Wisden" a handbook we cannot dispense with.

The Hampstead Conservatoire

Mr. Hugh Moss (who for the past five years has been the Stage Manager for the Opera at the Guildhall School of Music) has been appointed by Mr. F. R. Benson as the Vice-Principal of the School of Drama and Acting, which he has inaugurated at the Hampstead Conservatoire. Mr Moss is the well-known stage manager and producer of plays and operas in almost every theatre in London—Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Ivanhoe*, *The Basoche*, at the Royal English Opera House (now the Palace) being among the best known. Mr. Moss was associated with Mr. Benson's productions of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, etc., at the Globe, in 1889-1890.

A Useful Naval Handbook

There must be many people who would be glad to know of a good reference book relating to things Naval. Such a book is "The Royal Navy List," published by Witherby and Co., 326, High Holborn. It contains lists, brought up to date authoritatively every quarter, of the personnel of the Navy, both active and retired. The history of every ship in the fleet, with its tonnage, horse-power, and class, is given, with the names and rank of its officers. Then there are other things too numerous to mention, yet all of which are of absorbing interest to those who have even the remotest connection with our first line of defence. At the end of the book is an invaluable bibliography of Naval Literature, compiled by L. G. Carr Laughton. This should be noticed by literary men, as such bibliographies are rare.

The Lord Chancellor and the Church Army

The Lord Chancellor (the Earl of Halsbury) paid a surprise visit to the headquarters of the Church Army, in Edgware Road, a few days ago. He enquired closely, and with evident interest, into the various operations of the Society, entering freely into conversation with several members of the staff. On leaving, he gave a tangible proof of his interest in the form of a substantial cheque towards the Society's work for the relief of the unemployed.

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